WHITE POWER REPORT

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THE STRONG IS STRONGEST WHEN ALONE

see see page 34

OUR RACE IS OUR NATION

VOL. 1 – NO. 11 AUGUST 1977

THE WHITE POWER HYMN

by Eric Thomson Music: The Horst Wessel Lied

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White Man unite, unite to save your nation
America, for which we fought and toiled
Our racial enemies swarm 'round us in elation
The snake of Zion has us in its coils.

The White Man has the right to his own Nation
On this his land, his Banner stands unfurled
He will not give it up to Jewish speculation
He will not see it into darkness hurled.

The Day's at hand, the Day of Liberation
For the White Man, the Leader of the World
To cut the golden chains of alien domination
The Swastika becomes our mighty sword.

Our Race commands we join this great formation
No man can face his enemies alone
When White tribes forge themselves into a single Nation
We'll have the might to protect our dear homes.

The White Man stands confused upon the hour
Until he sees the Banner we've unfurled
Now he knows Victory's the Future of White Power
We march with our White comrades 'round the world.

The White Man's Race is truly his great Nation
With White Power he comes into his own
No more victim of artificial separation
Whole continents he now can call his own.

OUR RACE IS OUR NATION!

WHITE POWER REPORT

OUR RACE IS OUR NATION!

WHITE MAN

WIN AGAIN!

You can help too!

JOIN UP...JOIN IN!

WHITE

POWER

THE ONLY WAY

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this time the world

by

George Lincoln Rockwell

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CHAPTER III

continued from previous issue

There was a girl named Franny working there as head waitress. She was 24 and five years older than I. She was nothing special, but she was not bad either. And she *was* a girl. I had earned a little 1936 Ford coupe, mostly by selling handsoap to garages, and with this piece of modern machinery – which I doctored endlessly – and Franny, I made some further experiments in the processes by which Nature intended there should be more of us. Later, with more experience, I would have had no trouble discovering and experimenting with the process itself, but, with my Victorian upbringing and ideas and my utter ineptness in the matter, I allowed Franny to hold the experiments to preliminary investigations and what you might call 'dress rehearsals'.

Nevertheless, these sessions were so profoundly exciting that the thoughts and images they provoked interfered seriously with my growing interest in music, art, literature and philosophy. I found myself wondering, as I read *The Crito*, whether Socrates had had similar experiences. Then, remembering Xantippe and her reputation as a termagant, I decided that if they had shared such experiences, Socrates wasn't adept at it or had given up too early.

At the Green Shutters, I also learned about old ladies and discovered some effective methods of dealing with them. Their endless empty chatter disgusted me. Nothing but stories of teashops, giftshops, difficulties with other old ladies, sly remarks about still other old ladies and their friends. It was depressing to a lively youth who had just discovered the fabulously interesting world of ideas, sex, music, philosophy, etc. How could these corsetted blimps survive each other's empty conversation about nothing for years and years and years? It was a mystery to me and still is.

But there was no mystery about their dispositions. There were a few sweet ones, but these old war-horses of grammar school and high school were mostly arrogant, imperious tyrants with us waiters and waitresses. Nothing, absolutely nothing was *quite* right for them. Nothing *quite* satisfied them. I remember all the same kind of teachers I had had and began to cast about in my mind for methods of innocent revenge. They would have me move their mattresses from one cottage to another through the woods when they would complain of nonexistent "lumps" and then dismiss me imperiously – with no tip. They would call me interminably from table to table to complain of small discrepancies in the portions of food or other injustices and indignities to their too-too-dignified persons.

But I discovered there was one thing that drove them crazy: sticky handles on the pancake syrup jars at breakfast. They were a finicky old lot and sticky fingers were unbearable to them. So I carried a sticky rag with me and dosed up their door knobs, their pocketbook handles, their light switches and anything else I could find where they would get into the mess. The effect was thoroughly, delightfully satisfying. I was called out at all hours, of course and the proprietress and her son were scolded no end for the mysterious plague of stickiness, but nobody could figure it out – except us waiters and waitresses and we had no interest in spoiling all that fun.

There was one fat, old killer-whale in particular who drove us mad at the table. She was always discovering that there were air bubbles in her scoops of ice cream and insisting that the terrible deficiency be made up to her. So one evening I decided to be sure her ice cream was rich enough to suit her. I took a square of butter, which was kept in the same freezer as the ice cream and built her a nice ball of ice cream around it. Then I served it up to her with great style. We all watched from behind a little screen, looking out between the cracks and holding our breaths until she came to the butter. I was going to explain that it was an accident, that the butter must have *fallen* into the ice cream, which it could have, when she squawked. But she didn't squawk. Instead, we saw her look down at the dish, bend over and hack at it with her spoon a few times. Then she took a large bite of the butter and an almost lascivious smile spread across her ocean of face. She loved it!

I was called for immediately and dutifully came to attention beside her. "Young man," she commanded, "this is the finest and richest ice cream I have ever tasted. What kind is it"

"Turner Center," I told her truthfully.

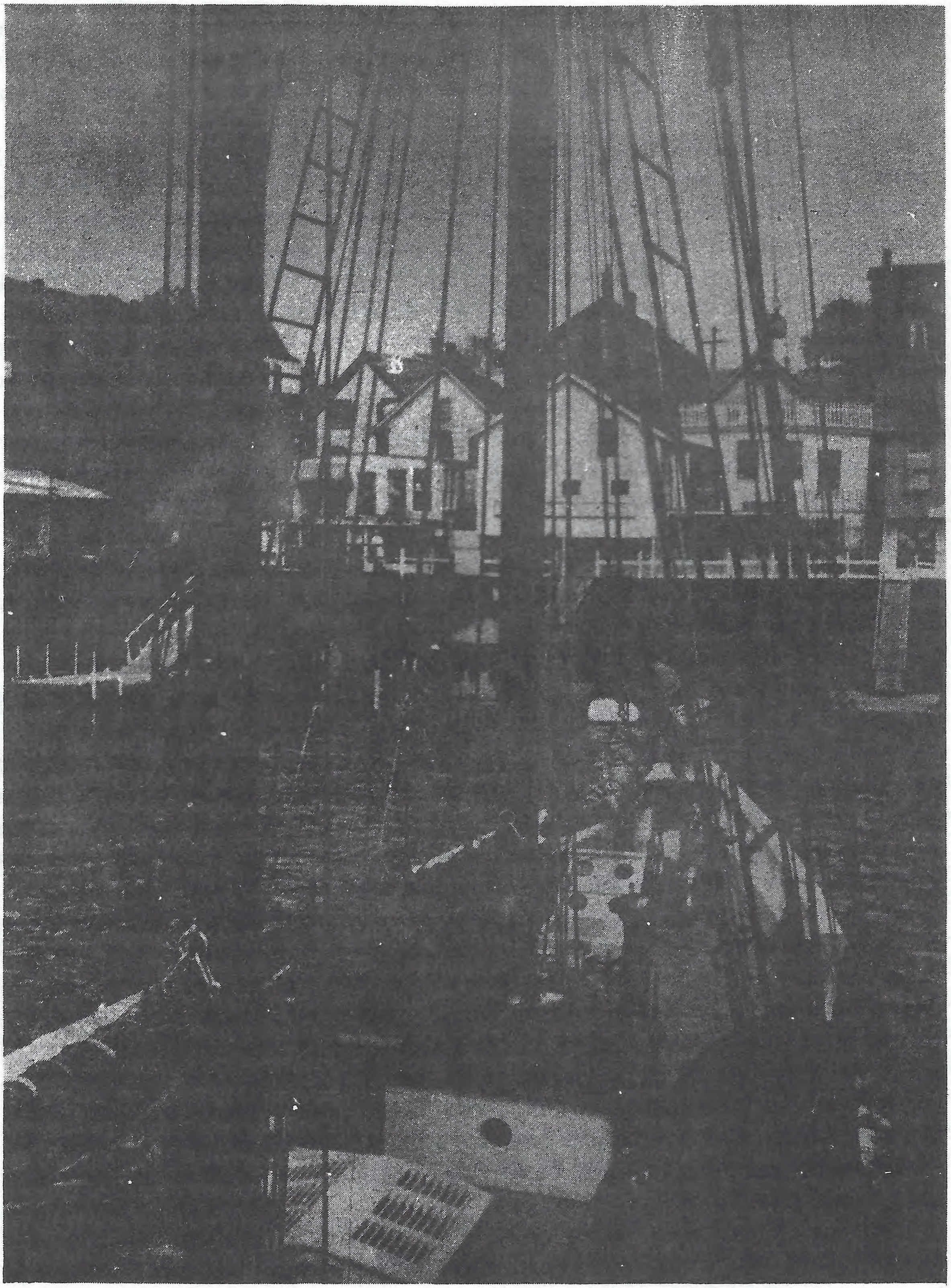
"Well, I want another portion right away and I will have some of this kind every night. See that Mrs. Clayton orders this kind in the future, not that watery stuff we've been getting."

I fetched her another portion and this time packed the butter in almost solid. The staff was suffocating and dying, holding onto the door jams and retreating in agonies of laughter to the kitchen when they couldn't stand it any more.

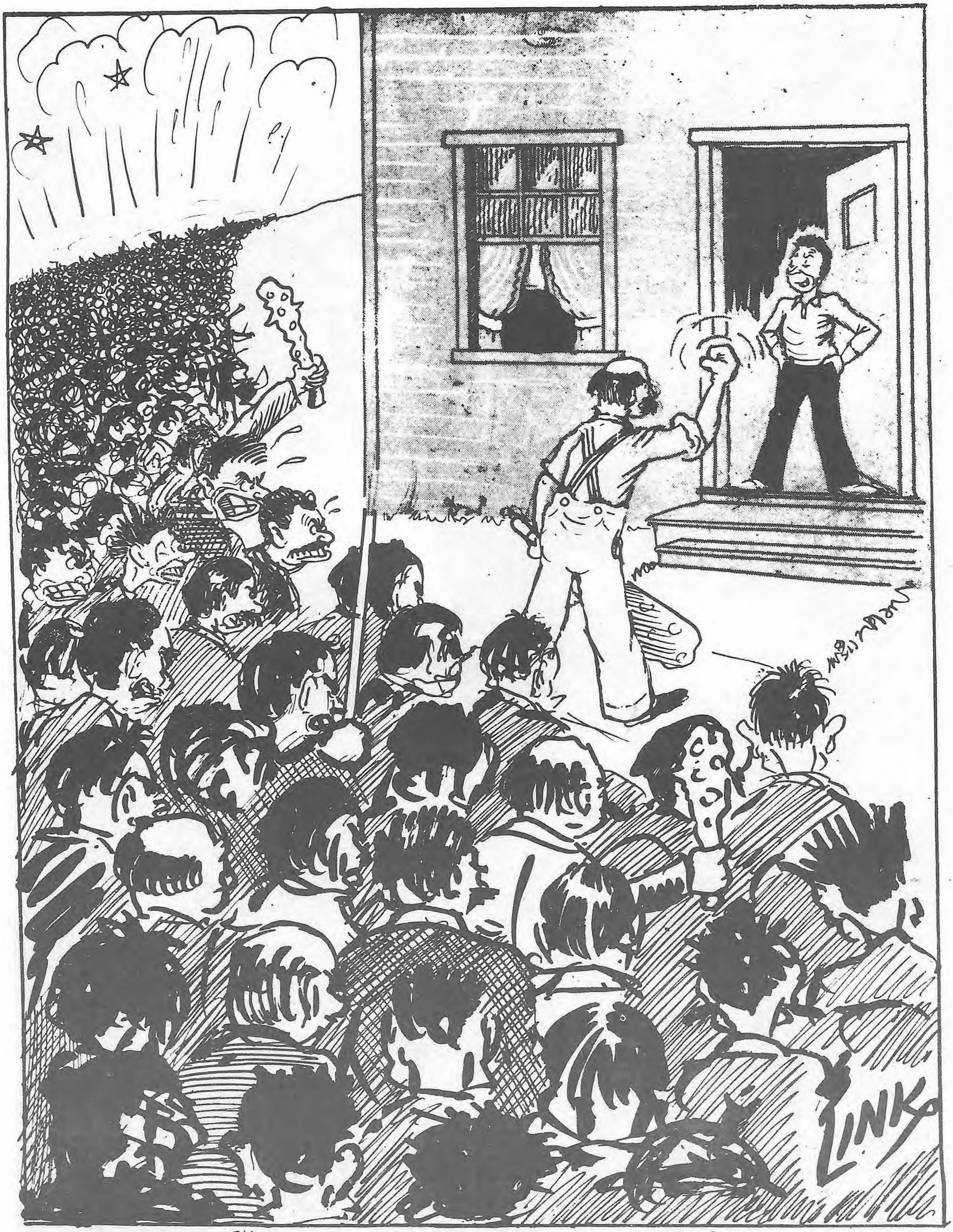
Perhaps the Freudians will have me carted away to the booby hatch for this too. If they do, it will have been worth it! As I write this, I am suffused with a hugely satisfying glow as I recall that stupid human dirigible waddling away from her table, imagining herself mistress of all she could stuff down her ravenous gullet. I was learning, even then, how people work!

I had been accepted at Brown University during the summer by Bruce Bigelow, the director of admissions who gave me my first clue that I might be different from other people. He frankly told me that, in view of my six years in high school and other vagaries of my student career, I had the worst scholastic record of anybody ever admitted to Brown, but the highest grade on the College Aptitude Test, which shows intelligence, of all the students ever tested. He warned me that I was to be admitted strictly as an experiment to see what would happen, when the immovable object of my disinclination for scholastic achievement was placed against the irresistible force of my native intelligence in the atmosphere of a college.

I entered Brown in the fall of 1938, literally in a hurricane. That was the year New England was struck fearfully by winds of over a hundred miles an hour and thousands died in masses of wreckage. My aunt and 80 year old grandmother were at the beach called Barrington, on Narragansett Bay, when the storm hit and I was up in Providence with my Aunt Margie. As soon as we knew how terrible the thing was, I got down to the beach, where we had heard chilling rumors of death and destruction and discovered the rumors to be no exaggeration. Whole cottages had been swept away with their inhabitants and my heart stopped until I could see the wreckage of my Aunt Helen's place where



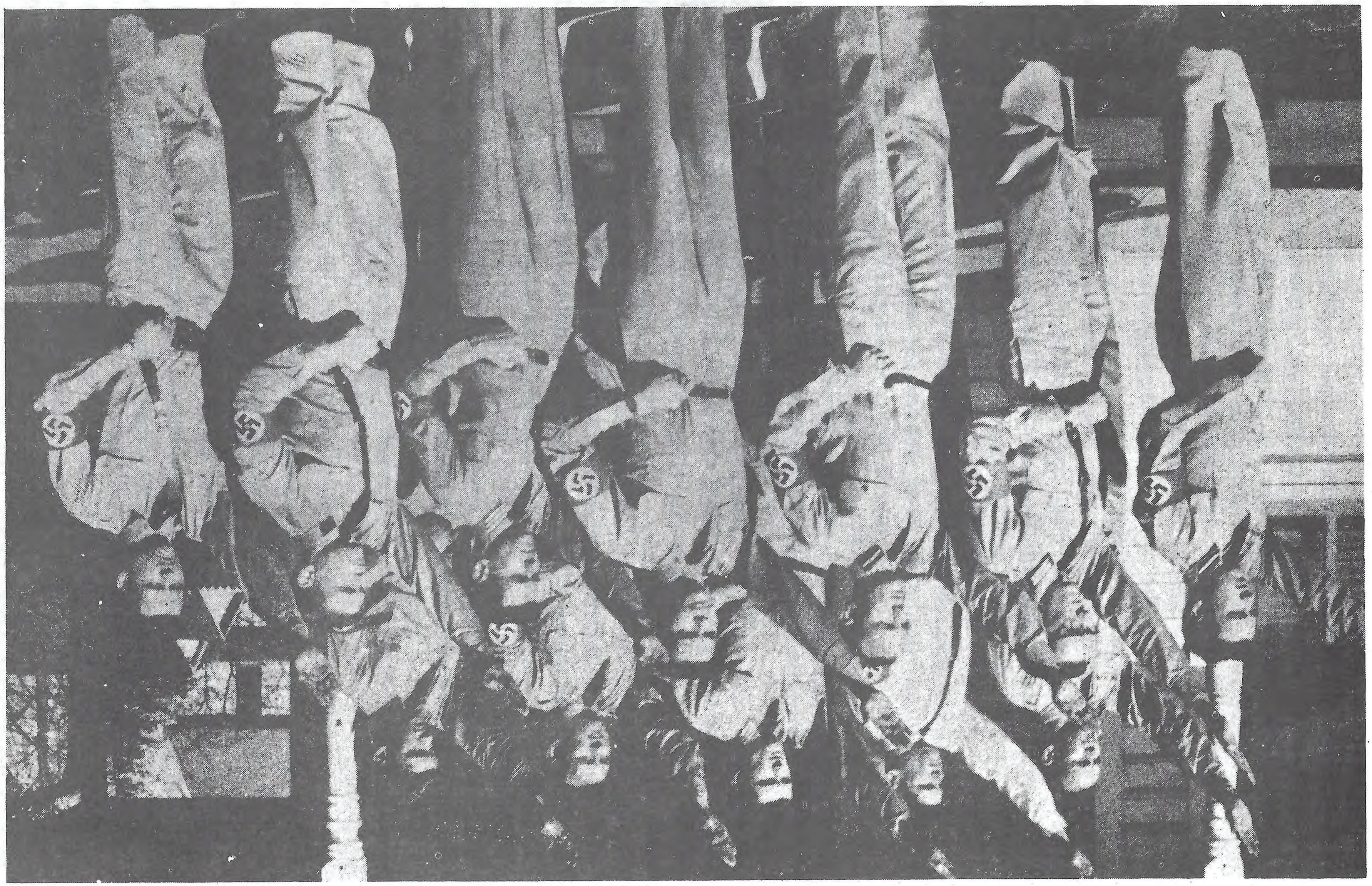
The waterfront, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. My home town. In foreground: Commander MacMillan's Arctic Ship "The Bowdoin." Gold-leaf scroll work by Rockwell.



Yeh,-- you and who else?

One of the cartoons I did for Sir Brown, the humor magazine at Brown University which I helped start. I saw this same cartoon, along with many others, in the Municipal Court, D. C., almost twenty years later, when the Anti-Defamation League of B'Nai B'Rith handed them to the prosecutor in a "disorderly conduct" case, and used them to try to railroad me to the insane asylum!

My brother and I sitting aft on the Old Man's boat, the "Floating Kidney", returning from a deep-sea fishing trip. About 1939



my grandmother was staying. Bodies were floating against the beach as I picked my way over the piles of torn-up lumber, roofs, beds, etc., to the cottage. Inside, to my huge relief, I found my folks alive and well – even if uncomfortable.

I was about to meet my first wife.

I had started to work on the wreckage, when a little teenage girl behind me somewhere on the pile yelled with infinite impudence, "Hey, you: Brown Pants! Grab the other end of this!" and poked some debris at me. This little character was as fresh-looking as she talked – wearing pigtails and flirting her talk around like a jay bird, and twice as sassy.

She was something I had never seen before. Her fresh wholesomeness attracted me irresistibly and her bossy manners repelled me almost as much. Here among the wreckage of the hurricane, though, her super-cheerful easiness and "Let's get with it, boys!" helped erase the atmosphere of tragedy and death. I tried to sass her back, but wasn't equal to it. There was no squelching this pert young lady. I couldn't forget her. Some other people there said her name was Judy Aultman who lived nearby and that's all I found out for another year.

There was plenty to keep my mind busy as I entered college. There were endless tests to see what courses we needed and one of the major surprises and shocks of my life was when I discovered that I had passed the fairly difficult tests for Freshman English and Freshman French, a relatively rare occurrence. I couldn't believe it, considering my agonies in high and prep schools, but passing showed me I had discovered a new technique in the struggle to avoid school work, a system I have since called the "total situation" approach. In writing those English and French tests, I had been faced with technically difficult problems, but had solved them, not by relying on my rote memory and rules, but by fathoming the minds of the preparers of the exams, the minds of those who would grade the exams – and coming up with an overall *impression* of virtuosity which would sell the grader on my ability. In addition, I had used logic and reason to come up with rules when I needed them, the same way that the rules were originally developed by those who parsed the language in the first place. Above all, I prepared my essays in such a manner as to avoid what I was sure were the standard errors the graders were used to and were looking for.

Time after time, since then, I have discovered that I do not have to study the usual rote memory portions of most subjects to succeed or even excel in performance on tests or use of the knowledge. By learning the most fundamental logical development of the subject, I am usually able to develop any other portion of the subject, as I need it – very much the way a Navy ship does not need to carry around spare parts for every piece of the ship, but carries, rather, the plans and raw materials which can be worked up as needed for any desired part in the machineshop.

It is my belief that this technique should be the most fundamental part of the education of our youth, instead of the present stuffing of young minds with millions of unrelated facts and unevaluated ideas or the chaotic development of personal whims and prejudices called "progressive education". Once the *principle* of a subject is learned, the details can be developed at will in most cases. The beauty of this system of mental discipline is that it leaves the mind free to do creative work, rather than burdening it with billions of confusing

separate facts. It is my contention that the failure to teach young minds today the *principles* of all logical development, accompanied by the positive emphasis of the insane idea that absolutely everything is "relative" and "grey", rather than black and white where principles are concerned, kills the ability to think in our youth. Phenomena which exemplify principles can indeed be on a sliding scale of "greys" and always are, in fact. But the principles themselves, such as force prevailing over weakness, are not relative, but eternal laws of logic which would prevail even in an empty universe.

Once the internally consistent body of principles governing a mental discipline is learned, and then the system of deriving the details by logical building therefrom, one can master subjects well enough to use them successfully in a ridiculous fraction of the time usually frittered away in courses taught at schools and universities. This is the method, for instance, whereby I have been able to hold my own and even win a good many victories in the courts as my own attorney, without a day's training in the law. I have discovered that law is, by and large, a system of common, ordinary horse-sense, based on a few fundamental and simple principles – at least until our Supreme Court got at the matter. But in our ordinary courts, knowledge of the fundamental principles, a will to succeed and the application of brainpower to the principles will make any man his own lawyer and a more successful one than many court-appointed attorneys who don't have your motivation.

This is not to assert that a trained, expert and highly-paid lawyer is not a good investment, nor does it mean that I will not make use of such legal genius when I can afford it. But when it is necessary to have a lawyer and none will take your case, as has happened to me as a Nazi – and you can't pay them besides, then a knowledge of how to master a subject well enough to use it in a few days by the use of principles plus logical building of details is invaluable.

Incidentally, while I am on this matter, I have also learned that even such majestic subjects as the law are as vulnerable as everything else I have found in this world to human motivational study. Lawyers, judges and other officials are human. I have discovered that even the best of them make fearful mistakes, omissions and blunders, even in their robes and/or wigs. By calculating not only the law, but their emotions and their probable thought processes, I have more than once won victories by something beside the unvarnished use of the law and the facts.

My first year at Brown was perhaps the happiest of my life. There was no responsibility, compared to later life; instead, there were flowering abilities in all directions, an absorbing interest in everything and everybody, all sorts of opportunities to drink beer, experiment with women and discuss the entire world as a 'master' with other young 'masters-of-everything' in the fraternity house. Although I was only a freshman, I launched the college humor magazine which had been dead for a long time, together with sophomores Vic Hillary and Bob Grabb, my best pals at Brown. I was art editor and Grabb was the editor. Hillary was editor of the college paper, *The Brown Daily Herald.* I worked with endless creative pleasure for both publications and more than once got called over to the Dean's office for my exuberance. I developed a horror style of

cartoon years before Charles Adams and these were frequently reprinted in other college papers, such as *The Annapolis Log.* I was also to see stacks of these works of kid-college humor in the District of Columbia Municipal Court on July 26, 1960, where I was on trial as a lunatic. These exuberant works of over twenty years ago were diligently gathered together by the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, photostated and presented to the Prosecutor, who testified that he "didn't know where all the photostats came from." These cartoons were used to 'prove' that I was a sadistic monster, although in the twenty-two years since producing them, I had risen from an enlisted man to a commander in the Navy; been selected to command three squadrons; successfully established three businesses and had never eaten a single baby or carved up a wife.

It was at Brown in 1939 that I first ran head-on into Communism, although I didn't know or even suspect it. I don't remember even thinking about it any more than I did Thugeeism in India or Mormonism. I was still blissfully and totally ignorant of Communism, Jews, Negroes and the assault of the masses of the world, led by the master-mongrels – the Jews – against the White Race and its elite. In a way, I am glad of this long-maintained ignorance, because today, when I meet young college men and women who are full of conceit of their 'knowledge', 'liberalism' and 'understanding' of our social problems, I can be patient with them. I can imagine my own reaction if I had been told there was a Jewish or any other kind of world conspiracy. I was sure, at that time, that my 'deep' studies into the profundities of knowledge would have long ago revealed any such monstrous conspiracy and even if not, that my professors and men of learning would surely have known of it. I would have been angry at such effrontery, just as the young college boobs I meet today are at first angry – until I ruthlessly use logic to beat them out of their disgusting and monumental conceit by driving into them, one after the other, the explanations of how come they never ran into such facts.

But then, in 1939, I sat in "Sociology I" class and tried my best to make some sense out of it all. I had been happy at the chance to study sociology, as it appeared to me logical that there must be some fundamental principles of the development of the social relationships of life, as I had discovered simple basic principles of other affairs I had looked into. I was most eager to learn these basic principles of the operation of human society so that I could understand the events around me and perhaps even predict sociological occurrences in accordance with the principles I would be taught. I have since learned that there *are* such principles, particularly in Adam's *The Law of Civilization and Decay* and even better, in *The Crowd* by LeBon.

But it would be many, many years before I would fight my way into the intellectual sunshine of such simple, fundamental and logical presentations of the facts of social life. In Professor Bucklin's classroom on society, all was the most depressing darkness and confusion. It all *sounded* most enlightening, of course. There were lots of brave new words, ethnic groups, etc., but try as I might, I could not get to the bottom of it all to find any idea or principle I could get hold of. *Everything* was "by and large" and "in most cases" and "on the other hand" and "So-and-so says, but Dr. So-and-so says absolutely not."

Muddiness of mind was not deplored, but glorified. I buried myself in my sociology books, absolutely determined to find out why I was missing the kernel of the thing.

The best I could come up with was that human beings are all helpless tools of the environment; that we are all born as rigidly equal lumps and that the disparity of our achievements and stations was entirely the result of the forces of environment – that everybody, therefore, could theoretically be masters, geniuses and kings if only we could sufficiently improve everybody's environment. I was bold enough to ask Professor Bucklin if this were the idea and he turned red with anger. I was told it was "impossible" to make any generalizations, although all I was asking was for the fundamental idea, if any, of sociology.

I began to see that sociology was different from any other course I had ever taken. Certain ideas produced apoplexy in the teacher, particularly the suggestion that perhaps some people were no good biological slobs from the day they were born. Certain other ideas, although they were never formulated nor stated frankly, were fostered and encouraged – these were always ideas revolving around the total power of the environment. Slowly, I got the idea. At first, I just used it to get better grades. When I wrote my essay answers in examinations, I poured it on heavily that all hands in the civilization in question were potential Leonardo da Vincis, no matter how black they were, nor how they ate their best friends for thousands of years; and that with a quick change in environment, these cannibals too would be writing arias, building Parthenons and painting masterpieces.

But then I began to wonder "how come"? Certainly, environment was important. Anybody could see that. But it was obviously negative. You can make a helpless boob out of a born genius by bringing him up in a dark closet, but you can't make a genius out of a drooling idiot, even by sending him to Brown. Was it just old man Bucklin who was insane with environment? Or was it the whole subject? I went to the library and read more sociology books. They were universally pushing the same idea.

I began to make fun of sociology in the college paper in my column and got into more trouble. Some of the columns were 'killed' before seeing the light. I was still too ignorant to know that I was fighting Lysenko and Marx and the whole Soviet theory of environmentalism – which has captured and hypnotized or terrorized all our intellectuals – and I imagined I was battling just one foolish college course!

During my second year at Brown, my picture of the world darkened as I discovered more and more intellectual dishonesty in this university which had first seemed almost heaven itself to me. I still knew little or nothing about Communism or its pimping little sister, 'liberalism', but I could not avoid the steady pressure, everywhere in the university, to accept the idea of massive human equality and the supremacy of environment. In every course, I was repelled by the intellectual cowardice of the faculty in failing to stand up for any doctrine whatsoever.

I majored in philosophy and, while I admired the intellectual brilliance of my professors, particularly Professor Ducasse, I was hugely disappointed in the

headlong retreat of all the faculty whenever they were asked their *own* opinions as to the objective truth in any matter. I was told that "eternal seeking" is the way to knowledge and there is no denying that, but lively discussion is also vital to any advance of knowledge and you cannot have any lively discussion where the opposition either doesn't exist or melts away like a wraith when you seek to take hold of it.

I was running into the disease of our modern life: cowardice and pathological fear of a strong personality or strong ideas. Dale Carnegie has codified and commercialized this creeping disease as "how to win friends and influence people", which boils down to the essential principle of having no personality or strong feelings or ideas and becoming passive and empty so that "the other fellow" can display *his* ideas and personality. But he, too, is trying to become popular by being passive and dispassionate, so that the result is like connecting two dead batteries: no current. Such human robots are suited to enslavement by a 1984-type society, but not to life in a bold, free society of men. This is the way women should be, perhaps, but not our men and especially not our leaders.

I found the same feeble feminine approach in every subject except in the sciences, and for these last, I was very grateful. In geology and psychology I could find a few principles and laws which stayed there when I reached out to grasp them, and so I revelled in these subjects and rebelled to the limit of my capacity in the others. In sociology I went so far as to write an insolent examination paper which almost got me thrown out of Brown. We were asked to write an essay answer on the factors leading to criminality and delinquency.

I wrote nothing but a fable about a crew of scientific geniuses who set out for Africa to see what made ants act like ants. They searched around until they found a lot of anthills, observed them for many years and finally came up with the discovery that when ant eggs were hatched in tunnels in a certain kind of hill in Africa and grew up among six-legged creatures called "ants", they themselves were so affected by this strong environment that they became, themselves, ants and waved their antennae like ants, scurried around aimlessly like ants, looked like ants and *were* ants!

Once again, I was hauled up before the administration for this impudence and almost thrown out. However, I was given another opportunity to write the exam and for the sake of my dear good grandmother and my patient, loving Aunt Margie, I sat down and wrote what I knew they wanted – a piece showing how unfortunate and most excellent babies were invariably driven to stealing from their parents, relatives and friends, robbing strangers at gunpoint and finally axing somebody in sheer desperation at their nasty environment. This was passed with a C plus.

Meanwhile, I was learning mightily from my endless 'bull sessions' with Vic Hillary and Bob Grabb, my constant companions. Both of them were soused to the ears with the prevailing 'liberalism', although I still did not know what it was. I simply discovered that almost all my ideas clashed violently with theirs. My ideas that socially-significant novels were dangerous because they allowed ideas to sneak into the mind while it was hypnotized was especially aggravating to both of them, as we all aspired to creative careers, they as novelists and great writers. My attack on the very social novels they were aiming to write was

painful and their reactions, particularly Hillary's, were most passionate. Far into the night we would battle over this matter, with the usual results: no progress. But in the process, I learned the art of controversy.

At first, I was too sincere and ingenuous to do anything but try to make my opponent see the truth of my position with the utmost force and sincerity. But then, I found that I would fall victim of the dirtiest kind of tricks. My position would be enormously and ridiculously exaggerated and then it would be flung into my face in triumph, to the great laughter of the audience of listeners or participants. I could not understand when even my revered friends did this to me. I was more than once too hurt by such tactics to defend myself.

But, as with everything else in my life, when I discovered the inevitability of such illogical skullduggery, I schooled myself in it and one day turned the tables on my 'liberal' friends. Since I was usually alone in my 'conservative' position, surrounded by voluble and hostile 'liberals', I had more than the usual share of difficulties in gaining one of the phony 'victories' which are the only ones possible in such a battle, wherein truth means nothing. Under such circumstances, where the listeners as well as one's opponents are all hostile, one must capture them emotionally, in spite of themselves, with a lightning, unexpected stroke, usually of overwhelming humor or sarcasm, so that they laugh at your opponent and even themselves, in spite of themselves. Then you must decamp with a flourish, but with haste, before they can recover, and lay loud claim to victory. Such practice has served me handsomely, many times since then, in political battles, particularly in courtrooms when prosecutors get oratorical and too big for their britches. One has only to find the man's weak point in such circumstances to turn his unfair attack against himself with judge, jury and spectators.

More and more at Brown, I came into basic conflict with the prevailing 'liberalism', still without realizing what it was all about. My companions, my courses, my professors, the latest 'erudite' books: everything seemed to me to be touched with madness. I fought it fiercely and, for my ignorance, powerfully, but mostly by instinct. I simply had never heard of Communism as anything but a fiendish and insane doctrine held by a few fanatics someplace overseas. That the campus, dorms, fraternity houses and classrooms of Brown University were crawling with the filthy thing, I would never have believed and would have laughed to scorn anybody who had tried to tell me such a 'fantastic' thing – then.

It was during my second year at Brown, at the first fall dance at Faunce House that I recognized one of the freshman girls – my future wife – from Pembroke, the girls' section of Brown. I saw the same sassy little jaybird I had met in Barrington after the hurricane. Only this time, she was in a party dress. She still looked fresher and more wholesome than any girl I had ever seen, but she looked more than just wholesome in the pretty dress, as she swept across the floor with a succession of partners who cut in on each other. I was busy chasing a few women myself, but I noticed when she disappeared outside into the darkness with somebody. I strolled out onto the campus and over by University Hall, which was behind a fence as it was being remodelled. I saw her come out the door of the fence with her escort and was immediately irritated, but I kept

control, strolled nonchalantly over and said "hello" to her. She recognized me and I couldn't resist asking her what she had been doing in the deserted hall.

"Ringing the bell," she said, which I insisted on taking with a double entendre, but which did not embarrass her in the least. I was a sophomore, far above such silly little freshman girls, but she apparently refused to recognize this great difference in our social stations. I resolved to ask her for a date and did so the next opportunity.

From then on, my life was a hell of glorious hope and miserable despair. She would seem to be as desperately in love with me as I was with her, only to cut me to pieces with some unheard of cruelty. She was the most popular girl in the freshman class and played the field with calculated cunning and cold manipulation. Such were the agonies of pursuing the girl who was to be my first wife.

She would take my fraternity pin, full of love and even traces of passion, only to thrust it back at me a few days later, for no special reason. I later got to know her mother and suspect her dainty hand in this sort of affair. But she had roused in me that fatal acceptance of challenge which is my most fundamental quality. Since she seemed impossible to tame or to attain, I had to have her and I doubled and redoubled my efforts to that end. I still don't know who got whom and I don't think she does either. Always, I was being bounced from heaven to hell by this sassy young thing I sought to corral.

But such emotional badminton didn't stop my development politically. Roosevelt was campaigning for re-election for his third term and I was not only outraged at this conceited flaunting of tradition, but Roosevelt's masterful but obvious demagoguery repelled me beyond endurance. I remember getting a harsh lesson from this Machiavellian "man of the people" when I heard a Republican program wherein different speeches of his were played in sequence, so that the impudent lies of the man were horrifyingly obvious. In one excerpt you would hear this political snake declare his undying devotion to one principle, only to hear him denouncing the very same thing the next moment, with passionate and self-righteous venom. I rejoiced at this genius of the Republicans and was sure no political leader could survive this devastating exposure of total lack of principle and utter depravity of character. Roosevelt was dead; I was positive! His subsequent landslide election victory taught me once for all that the ability of the people to know, to weigh and to judge facts per se is almost zero.

When FDR would take to the airwaves with his undulating, calculatingly charming voice, the women would be overcome with his "masterful" leadership and the males would be scrambling over one another to do homage to this great "liberal". My college mates absolutely staggered me with their apparent blindness to this foul liar and cheat. Grabb and Hillary formed committees to get Roosevelt re-elected and the campus was alive with a passion for Roosevelt. When I tried to point out the wild lies and inconsistencies of the man's words and acts, his demagoguery which should have been obvious to any ass and his grossly insincere and studied mass-manipulation techniques, I was greeted by a reaction which I have since learned is typical of these phony 'intellectuals' who pride themselves on their 'liberalism': invective! I was called a "reactionary", a "tory", even a "fascist" – a word I knew nothing of at that time. There was no

attempt to show that my arguments or charges were wrong or ill-founded – only sneers, jeers, curses and name-calling.

It is typical of my political naivete in that time that when the hate propaganda about Hitler began to be pushed upon us in larger and larger doses, I swallowed it all and was unable to suspect that somebody might have had an interest in all this and that it might not be the interest of the United States or our people.

Charlie Chaplin was one of my favorites (and still is) and when I saw his "Great Dictator", I was not only brought to tears by the funny parts, but I was brought to bursting indignation by the impassioned speech he makes at the end against dictatorship (except for Stalin's brutal dictatorship which was depicted as benevolent love for his people, including the massacres of "enemies of the people"). The only dictators attacked by Mr. Chaplin were Hitler, Mussolini and Tojo, which I have since found easy to understand when we learn that Charlie is so red even our pinko State Department has banned him from the U.S.A. – and the even more significant fact for a capitalist who has made millions here in our hospitable land, that Chaplin's real name is Israel Thonstein.

But in 1940, all of this was hidden from me, as it is still hidden from our people for yet a little while longer. And so I grew to hate this "vicious monster", Adolf Hitler, as much as anybody in the country. It became obvious that we would have to get into a war to stop this "horrible ogre" who "planned to conquer America", so we were told and so I believed.

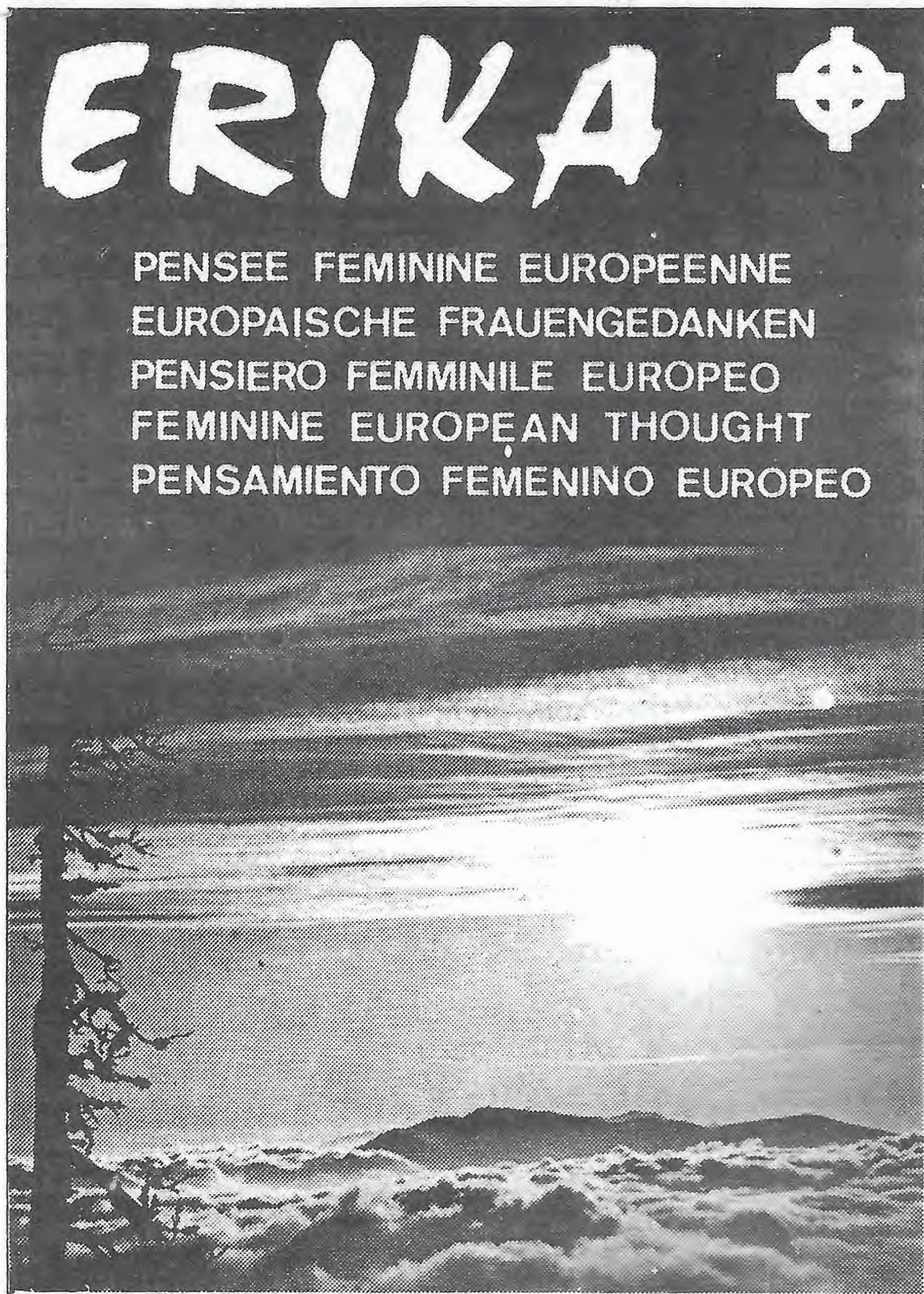
I was having the time of my life in college, but my idealism would not permit me to enjoy it as long as I sincerely believed, as I did, that my beloved country was in immediate and deadly danger of being enslaved or murdered and destroyed. I made preliminary inquiries about enlisting in the Navy.

The president of Brown, Henry Merrit Wriston, called me into his sacred chambers to remonstrate with me. "How can you expect to become an important man if you don't finish college?" he asked.

Sitting on the edge of my chair in awe of this grand person, I replied that there was no use trying to become an important man if America was to be destroyed. I said that I felt it my duty to do what I could immediately to stop any conquering of my country and I wondered how anybody could do differently. This fetched him up short, as he took it as a personal slur on his courage and patriotism. Waving a big stack of papers at me, he fairly shouted, "See all these papers? I have just signed them! I sign my name over a hundred times a day! This is what it means to be important! Nobody will want you to sign your name if you do not finish college!"

This seemed to me then and seems to me now, a pretty sorry argument for finishing college or for being a success, especially for a man who has been asked to reorganize our Foreign Service and is looked up to as a mastermind. Facing him as a young squirt, I found him to be something less than a Socrates or even a good Scout Leader and I realize that such pompous and relatively empty-headed 'leaders' are, and will be our lot until we can conquer the Jewish money-power, which can only survive as long as our leaders are either consciously in on the filthy red scheme or as I think in the present case, are too slow-witted to see what stooges they are.

So another student and I went ahead and enlisted at the First Naval District headquarters in Boston. How my life changed then!



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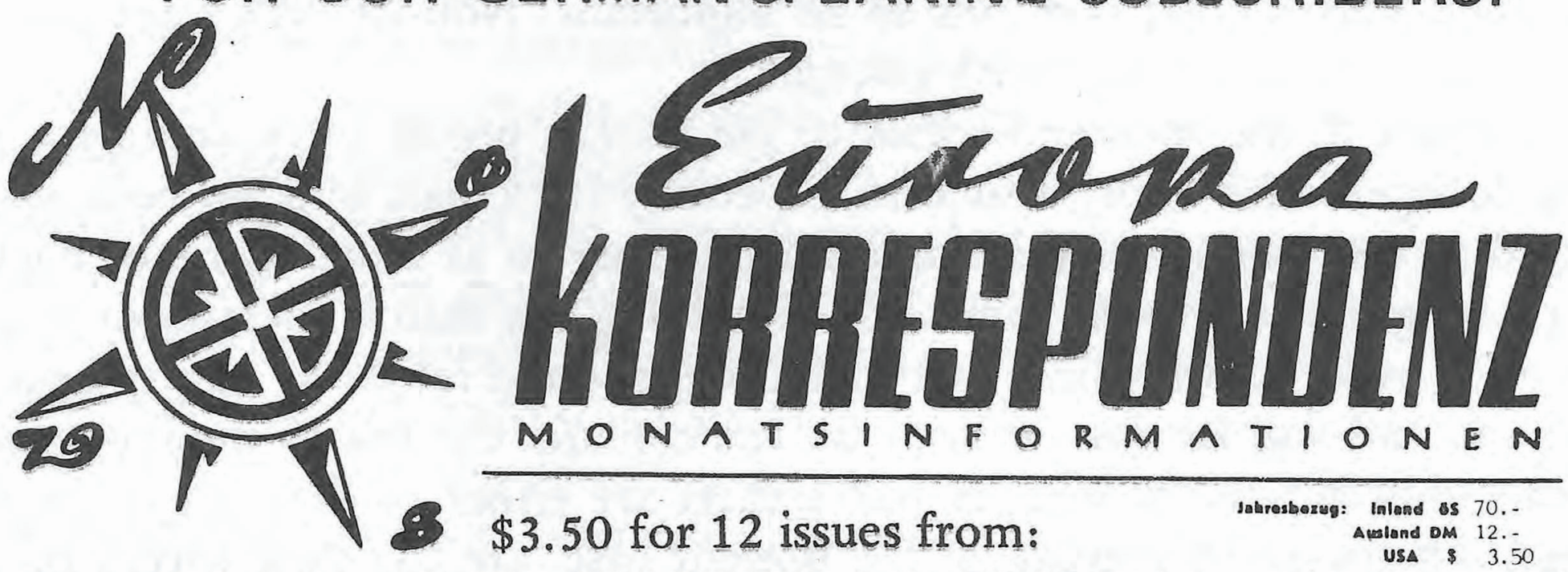

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Letters to the Editor

Gentlemen: 6.20.77

Please do not publish this letter, as I wish to comment on your criticisms of Allen Vincent...

E.S., CA

Editor: In honoring the above writer's request not to publish his letter I do not feel that such an item of topical interest and importance should go unmentioned, therefore I shall publish my letter of reply to our correspondent.

Dear — : 6.27.77

I am sorry that I cannot publish your letter addressed to Liberty Bell Publications because I feel that it is very informative and timely. The purpose of all purposes of our publications, especially White Power Report, is to instruct the active White person, thereby saving him or her from committing the same time-wasting blunders which his predecessors have done.

Allen Vincent assures us he is broke. His ex-National Organizer, Scherler, alias von Wagmann, assures us that Vincent has stolen party funds. I personally warned Vincent & Co. about the eventualities involving the bookstore, but my advice was ignored. As National Socialists, Vincent and the so-called von Wagmann claim absolute responsibility, and as such, they shall be held absolutely responsible for their acts, as stupid or as thoughtless as they have been. Leaders such as these we do not need.

You bring up Vincent's past record in his defense, as if any one of us can defend a movement of the future with his past record! I might add that Benedict Arnold had a good record before his corruption and final betrayal of the cause he fought for. Vincent was not White enough to ask us for a donation, which we would have made. Instead, he ordered our books and other materials, knowing in advance to use his own words, "that the place would get hit by the Jews."

I must remind you that I am entirely familiar with California, particularly San Francisco. Why do you think Reedy was chosen for our printshop? Do you think we like molotov cocktails every evening? Apparently Vincent enjoys them.

I must also advise you that the WPM has weighed Vincent & Co. and found them severely wanting. It is no wonder that Vincent is scared of us, because our words are merely a prelude to our actions.

Talk is cheap. Ideas do not penetrate, so it looks as if we shall have to come up with some results. Please don't think for a moment that we are playing to the audience of creeps and losers who constitute the celluloid storm troopers and Hollywood Nazis. We are playing to win and we are playing for keeps. We do not want such misfits and flunkies on our side; rather, we are going to show them up as being on the ZOG-team, whether they know it or not.

Judging by the obvious lack of good sense on the part of Rockwell's orphans, they do not know what they do. As for Vincent's fear that we are

out to "take over the movement", I can assure you we are not. We are out to take over the continent of North America. He can have the movement, such as it is. We are through humoring creeps and losers, just because they wear the Holy Swastika of Our Race. Their day will come and they won't like it. We cannot allow the defilers of the sacred to escape justice.

Dear Comrades: 6.17.77

One of the best features in your publications, Liberty Bell and White Power Report, is the letters section. I especially enjoy the letters which are negative in some way towards the White Man's Revolution — to see how you blast them.

The people who attack White activists have no feeling for their White Nation. In some ways, this is a manifestation of self-hatred which results in a guilt-ridden crusade on behalf of the racial aliens; White liberals and Reds are good examples of this perversion of the instinct of self-preservation. On the other hand, or maybe, on the other finger of the same hand, you get the kosher konservative 'don't rock the boat' bunch whose selfish concern for what they have leads them to promote some 'quick and easy' approach to continental reconquest like abolishing the IRS. Or they muster up tremendous effort to fight a great battle on some petty issue, like fluoridation.

White activists of the First American Revolution were faced with similar nonsense from Americans who just didn't care one way or the other; or who actively supported the British. The number of active supporters of the American Revolution was something like one out of ten. In fact, the Tories or active supporters of the British quite out-numbered the rebels, in addition to which they had British and Hessian troops to rely upon as well as Redskin allies who thoroughly enjoyed their licence to scalp White settlers. It's hard for us to realize just how grim it was for the Whites who fought that first American Revolution back in the 1770's.

White activists of the Second American Revolution should note the problems faced by their heroic predecessors and thus guided, refuse to be influenced by majority apathy and minority approval or disapproval when the majority is willing to go which ever way the wind blows and when the minority is composed of active nuts, traitors, weaklings, cowards, fools and creeps — the ones we see running around America today with their two-bit political parties and kook-groups. The only thing which should influence the White revolutionary and patriot should be the truth — and those who believe it should be organized so we can take our country back.

The day will come, for us, as it did for the first American Revolutionaries and future generations of White Americans will remember us as we remember our ancestors who fought and bled for our right to life as White people, under our own laws. But we fight not only to be remembered; we fight for the future of Aryan America — our children and theirs.

White Power & White Revolution!

S.J., Conn.

Editor: You surprise me, Comrade! I was beginning to think I was a thoroughly cynical, jaded journalist; yet, I can hear those revolutionary fifes and drums when I read your letter and I feel a thrill go up and own

my spine. Yes, it's getting close to July 4th as I write these lines and that Second American Revolution is long overdue. Come on, you White Americans, let's make it happen!

Dear Mr Dietz: 6.23.77

People seem not to want to put too much money or faith in anyone thing, in case one comes out on top or in case the group they supported most of all fails for some reason. There are lots of good, hard-core White Nationalists out there, but it's going to involve lots of hard work to sell them on any one movement as opposed to any other.

H.S., Kan.

Editor: I understand those of us who back all identifiably White Nationalist groups to some extent, hoping one will finally come in the winner. If I had no education nor ideological background, I would do the same, but that is not the case. I tend to weigh up a situation in search of the best answer I can find. When I think I've found it, like Commander Rockwell, I go all out in favor of it. The thing which attracted me to the WPM was that it offered me the winning ideology plus independence. No one has to trust us blindly nor give us their money to be in good standing with the White Power Movement. Nor will the WPM collapse simply because George Dietz or Eric Campbell have gone to their reward. The White Power Movement is a great Idea which any spirited, creative and determined racial patriot can put into action. To those members of Our Race who cannot distinguish a Good Idea from a bad one, I can only express my sincere condolences.

Dear Mr Dietz: 6.15.77

I received your letter yesterday and was very pleased with your reply.

As you might know, the California prison system has many gangs. Some of them call themselves "Whites", but usually they are mixed with non-Whites. Here on the inside most of the Whites are not unified. They fight among themselves, fink on one another for petty privileges. There are too many two-faced "Brothers" who act friendly in order to find out something they can use against you, no matter what it is to advance their own interests, no matter how. If they think their info will get them mileage from the ZOG, they'll spill it there; if they want to "make it" with the niggers, they'll stab you in the back by telling them. Too many Whites act like they want to be niggers and we've had to learn about them the hard way. Being White on the outside is no good if you're black inside.

The way things are now, the few Whites who try to stick together get attacked by everybody — coons, renegades and the ZOGGIES [Zionist Occupation Government stooges; guards, etc.].

Please tell your supporters that we could sure use some of the books you got on your booklist, but we have to get them from you, because the non-Whites in charge of mail can decide not to let you have a book, unless it comes direct from the publisher. White Power IS the Only Way!

Mike Canale B-63053
P.O. Box 686
Soledad, CA 93960

Editor: You said it, Comrade! Only those who have been on the inside of the ZOG hotels know how good it is to be on the outside. For the information of WPR readers who may have missed the July issue, Comrade Canale is back inside for trusting a

bunch of phony Hollywood Nazi types led by Bozo the Clown, alias John Butler, self-styled leader of a California kook-group who showed what kind of a "leader" he was by surrounding himself with ATFD agents and half-breeds. Butler gets WPR's Oscar Meyer Award as 'Great White Dope of the Year'.

Dear Mr Dietz: 6.14.77

I came across this newspaper article on infiltration. Apparently, any kike with a camera and a little hustle can join these Hollywood Nazi outfits and then hold them up for ridicule. Notice how the kike newshack lumps all the things Jews don't like – anti-busing, anti-abortion, anti-queer, anti-detente, anti-Middle East war, anti-gun control – as being just as kooky as Hollywood Nazis. By implying that some of the kooks advocate violence, the writer tries to smear every forthright White American with the 'dangerous weirdo' image.

Another thing this article tries to do is to identify the White Man's racial symbol, the Swastika, with an alien cause. With the Hollywood Nazis doing all they can to help, he might convince White people that they should not adopt their racial symbol and that they should not overthrow Jew domination and the public-nuisance causing Black pets of the kikes. Let's hope the future is brighter and Whiter!

R.S., TX

Editor: Yours is the first report we have seen about the jewspaper infiltrator. The kike press is really crowing over their little coup, but, in view of Hollywood Nazi security or lack thereof, I don't think it was a very hard trick. There is a regrettable tendency to welcome anybody who is willing to fill a uniform and the standard of personnel is so low in these H.N. outfits that anybody who can lick and seal an envelope and knows which end of a broom to use soon rises to a post of trust and responsibility. With organization such as this, it's no wonder the Jews have to keep breathing life into Hollywood Nazidom with free publicity. If all Hollywood Nazis dropped dead tomorrow, it is certain that the day after tomorrow, the Jews would have replacements. What does any farmer do when he needs a new scarecrow?

Dear Mr Dietz: 6.15.77

I have just now completed reading my first copy of WPR. It is ideally suited to my propaganda needs because it reflects a sophistication and decency which has been lacking in the other NS periodicals I have reviewed.

I would like you to know how I became involved in my NS quest. My experience may be typical and if it is, you will be able to gage your effectiveness in reaching persons like myself.

Last July, I sent for Christof Friedrich's *UFO's – Nazi Secret Weapon?* From that time onward I have done something which apparently few NS people seem to do, judging from their ineptitude: I committed myself to a rigorous reading schedule. The 120 or so books and articles I have read since last July have been most rewarding, although these were not NS propaganda tracts per se.

What has emerged from this comparative reading is a thread of fact which has been all-but interwoven in misleading versions of history in an attempt to conceal it. In four Allied-produced books on submarines, for example, the writers stick to the

story that the only Walther type XXI and XXIII U-boats produced by the Third Reich made their trial runs in April, 1945, just one month before the end of the war in Europe. These phenomenal boats, from which later British, American and Soviet submarines were copied, allegedly never saw combat and were never used during the war. Stalin swore that boats of this type and larger were produced, but the Allies do not support his statements in their reports to which the public has access.

It is of interest here to note that U-boat Commander Herbert Werner was invited aboard one of the new types in March of 1945. The boat he inspected was received by its Captain Siegmann a year prior to this inspection. Such statements as this, in contradiction of Allied 'facts' would indicate that the Germans had such boats in operation for at least 14 months before the collapse of Europe's defense against the Zionist hordes. Thus is Mr Friedrich's statement supported which he makes to this effect in his book, *Unbekanntes Flugobjekt — Letzte Geheimwaffe Des Dritten Reiches?* Another item I offer to substantiate his U-boat thesis beyond all doubt in regard to the existence of these advanced types some time before the end of the war is contained in another book translated from the German entitled *The Pictorial History of the German Navy in World War II* by Edward P. von der Porten, with a forward by Admiral Doenitz. In the final pages of the chapter on submarines there is a gross contradiction as to the dates when these boats were to be delivered for service. One paragraph indicates 1944 as the approximate time, while another maintains the Allied thesis of April, 1945.

In conjunction with the foregoing paragraph, there is something ironic about Mr Friedrich's charge that the atomic bombs used on Hiroshima and Nagasaki were in fact German bombs which had not been completely assembled. This rather surprising statement is supported in my research by a paragraph in *Zodiac and Swastika* by Wilhelm Wulff (page 161, paragraph 3), that indicates the testing of an atomic device: "Franz Goering also told me that the new missiles had been tested. According to him, a large town was especially built near Auschwitz concentration camp and some 20,000 Jews, mostly women and children, were sent to live in it. A single missile was then fired into the settlement. In the ensuing explosion, which developed a heat output of 6,000 C. at its center, the whole town and the entire population were burned to cinders in a flash. Stories such as this also reached Himmler's ears. Was it surprising, then that he pinned his hopes on the effect of such weapons?"

There are some peculiarities in connection with the two atom bombs used by the United States after Germany's defeat which serve as some small indication that they may not have been American in origin. For some strange reason, the two bombs were not made identically. One was nicknamed "Little Boy" and the other "Fat Man". It is further odd to note that Hermann Goering's well-known nickname was "The Fat Man". Wasn't Dr Goebbels called "Little Boy" in respect of his slight build and short stature? Maybe Mr Friedrich knows. Could it be that the bomb which was tested in New Mexico in July, 1945 was called "Der Fuehrer"?

Different production techniques for

the same weapon were a German trademark throughout the war. The Germans were very specific in their production requirements and usually designed a weapon to do a certain job – as, witness the variations in tanks and armored vehicles. U.S. and Soviet production was standardized throughout and where possible, simplified so that they could be used even by subhuman imbeciles with a degree of performance. It was definitely a war between quality and quantity, and it would appear from these hints of Mr Friedrich and others that the war is still going on.

R.S., W. Va.

Editor: It is amazing what a person can come up with when he reads and remembers as you do. Sometimes one must read hundreds of books in order to pursue one faint tracing of truth. As an old professor once said: "You don't have to worry about finding the truth. The really important truths are impossible to hide. Usually, one discovers that one does not see the truth because it is so close that it is difficult to focus upon." The fact that Blacks differ from Whites is one case in point. Most White liberals refuse to see that this difference is more than skin-deep, even though Nature has done her very best to advertize it!

Dear Comrades: 6.10.77

You wrote about Germans colonizing the East at the time the British and Spaniards were colonizing overseas. This sounds fine, but is not historically correct.

King Ermanarich who ruled from the Volga to the Don and to the Rhine around the year 300 A.D. and he ruled over Germans! He tolerated Christians, but did not entrust them with important posts at the borders of the Reich. The Poles, Prussians and Lithuanians were Germanic tribes who held on to their heathen faith. When the time came that Western Germans turned Christian and thought of themselves as Christians first, foremost and above everything else, they waged a GENOCIDAL WAR against pagan Germans and by means of Roman organizational skill and material resources, laid waste their land. Of the famous Teutonic Knights it was said: "Where they rule, there's heaven for the clergy and hell for the farmer."

What you call "colonization" was resettlement on land which had been depopulated of Germans by their self-righteous slayers – the Christian Germans. Whether populated by heathen or Christian German, this land was German all along. These are the facts, as uncomfortable as they may be to present-day Christians who like to cloak their past bloodlust in the gossamer of 'sweetness and light'. The grim truth is, however, that Germany was conquered, not by Christian 'love', but by the Christian sword. For the readers of German I suggest as pertinent the following literature:

Slavenlegende by Lothar Grail

Grundlagen Deutscher Geschichtsforschung by Stettner.

The former is easy reading, for the general public and the latter is quite intensive in its factual treatment of the subject; intended to be read by the more serious and knowledgeable student of history. Both are obtainable from VOLKSTUM VERLAG WILHELM LANDIG, Favoritengasse 56, Vienna.

Pagan Germans were sold as slaves (in Latin, *sclavici)* so the legend of the Poles and Lithuanians having been "slavs" evolved. Today's slavs are the descendants of those Asiatics who left their genes in the Reich after the

Avare and Himmic raids. Each war deposits alien blood (Negro blood, for example after both world wars). That is why Hitler decreed that Germanic-looking and behaving Slavs might apply for German citizenship.

I offer these facts to those of us who wish to know more about the German Reich.

R.E., Germany

Editor: I stand corrected. It seems that when one studies history, one must dig through one layer after another, for the writers of each era put their stamp upon the version of what has gone before. When Christians write history, they make the Christians look good. Now that Jews write history, it looks as if the White man has become a villain at worst and an unperson at best. This is the Jews' clever cabalism (talmudic black magic) at work: By denying us a written and recorded posterity, he is wishing upon us racial extinction. By denying us our pride and feeling of worth as White people, he is working on our subconscious mind to direct that there be fewer of us around. The Jewish writers of history protest their objectivity, yet they treat the White Race far differently in print than they do their own. Let the reader beware.

Dear Mr Dietz: 6.16.77

I enclose an article on the downfall of the Roman Empire which you may find useful. It is entitled "Race Mixture in the Roman Empire" by Tenney Frank and it brings out four principal factors in Rome's decline which have great importance in today's America: (1) Integration with the 'slaves'; (2) Large-scale immigration of alien races; (3) Declining birthrate among the native Roman or White American; (4) Increasing emphasis on the more emotional and less rational religions.

The bedsheet boys are begging for financial handouts which they now require as the result of their own ineptitude. One KKK leader has been convicted in a lower court, faces a possible year in jail and now wants money to appeal. This seems to me to reveal a naive faith in the legal system and the integrity of judges. In such cases wherein there are political overtones, due process of law is not involved and it doesn't matter what kind of lawyer you have. The legal process becomes merely another means of harassing and bleeding the ZOG's opponents. As Watergate "felon" Jeb Magruder asked, "Why did it cost me $50,000 to plead guilty?" There is a growing number of White Americans who have discovered that justice is unobtainable, even at a price. It is time for a change of system – the Second American Revolution.

Your exasperation with the right wing rats who proclaim themselves to be White Men, but behave like Jews is understandable. It is hard for a White person to be loyal to his race when such self-styled "leaders" make the kikes and niggers look good by comparison.

In regard to your letter, I haven't read much of Jung, but Spengler does believe that the Jews are a more mature race (see volume II, pages 315-323). He does not equate this maturity with superiority nor with creativity, however, but with being more dry, analytical and lifeless. I think that many of the unappealing attributes of White people that are in evidence today are the obverse side of the good qualities which are denied their natural outlet. The White Man's creative imagination can only be

expressed in the world of fantasy, now that the Jews dominate the world of events and with the all-pervading quality of the media, the Jews are even invading the fantasy world. The Jew will be through when the White Man has no further place to run to and it looks as if that time is rapidly approaching.

As to "Our Emblem", I think the positive value of the Swastika outweighs any negative connotations it may have, but we should always make it clear, as you do, that the Swastika represents the White Race, not just Germany.

If you take any action at all, you will offend some people. That is one of the weaknesses of the right wing orgs – trying to please everyone.

R.P., WN

Editor: Keep up the good work and thank you for the article. There seems to be a definite pattern in the right wing: the "leader" gets arrested on some technicality, largely of his own creation; he becomes a "martyr", but is so snarled up in legal tangles that he no longer has time for advancing the White Nationalist Cause; moreover, he further drains the right wing of its pitifully small financial resources and gives this hard-earned money to the lawyers. If one were to think up a good program for using ZOG-agents posing as White Nationalists, certainly no better program for short-circuiting White Nationalist activism could be found than this. Court cases waste our time and our money, both of which are precious. Self-styled political leaders who court court cases should be viewed with suspicion as possible enemy agents. I refer to our article in this issue: "A PATTERN OF PROVOCATION". Not all ZOGmen wear kosher beanies, it would appear.

Sir: 6.10.77

In congratulating you on your prodigious output of literature, and the right emphasis it places on race and ideology transcending national boundaries and creating a global comradeship, I would like to add how glad I was to note the salutary thrashing in your correspondence columns administered by my old comrade, Franz Pfeiffer, to one Seth Kliphoth who, in your issue of last December, sought to advance the hideous heresy that one can look like and live like the exact opposite of a National Socialist, and yet "think like true Aryans" and be one.

Since the outward always reflects the inward, Mr Kliphoth cannot possibly think as a National Socialist while appearing as a white nigger. It is as simple and final as that. Those like him who would from within our ranks degrade our creed in this way are every bit as much an enemy and a menace as the usual ones on the outside and need to be rejected and ousted completely and immediately.

It is of course beneficial to relate the international Aryan symbol to national emblems, providing this can be done in such a way as not visually to distort the one or the other. For instance, I was never enthusiastic for my old comrade Lincoln Rockwell's insertion of a globe at the centre of a Swastika for the World Union of National Socialists as it distracted from the Swastika, giving it something of a spider appearance.

Likewise I am not keen on the new American badge in respect of the American flag draped over part of the Swastika, the effect of which in my opinion is to mutilate the visual impact of both the Swastika and the flag.

I can well endorse your criticism of the folly of believing that National Socialism means rigidity of form – while in saying this I am equally sensitive to the dangers of flexibility carried to the extent of debilitating and debasing in conformity to popular [Jew-inspired] patterns of appearance and behavior. What is rare and healthy is the degree of in-depth thinking increasingly reflected in your literature. For far too long, our cause has had maybe a big heart, but a mighty small brain. I recognise the wisdom of the methods of operation which you describe.

For myself, in brief, I have after some 30 years of effort come to the conclusion that over here [in Britain] it is almost inconceivable that there will be any breakthrough until and unless there is sufficient general breakdown in the system to administer enough of a jolt to the masses to bring them to their senses. Accordingly, what seems all-important to me in present times is the development of the ideology and the elite, not futile efforts to pander to and muster the masses.

Yours faithfully,
Colin Jordan, U.K.

Editor: Thank you Comrade Jordan. Your comments on the composition of a national emblem are well-taken. Several other readers have asked what the emblem of the Star, Swastika & American Flag has to do with the WPM. To solve the mystery, that is the emblem of White Power Publications. The White Power Movement Emblem is the red encircled Swastika within the white Star on a blue field. This emblem lends itself to badges, armbands, flags, T-shirts, car door panels, aircraft wings, locomotive face-plates and as yacht pennants, etc.

It is gratifying to receive the favorable assessment of an old comrade in the White Man's Movement and it is especially good to hear from the more informed movement activists, like Comrade Jordan, that we are on the right track. The White Power Movement is Commander Rockwell's Phase III movement. Phase I Hollywood Nazis please note and SHAPE UP!

American Neo-Nazis Just 'Bums

DETROIT (UPI) — John Toland, the Pulitzer Prize-winning author who spent much of the last 20 years researching Nazi Germany, regards American neo-Nazis as nothing more than "motorcycle bums wearing swastikas."

"They're non-achievers and big mouths who have trouble getting girls," said Toland, author of the best selling biography on Hitler. "If Hitler was alive, he'd put them all in concentration camps."

Toland, 64, blasted American Nazis and similar groups in a weekend interview before speaking to the American Library Association's convention at Cobo Hall.

The author of "The Rising Sun,""The Last 100 Days" and other historical works said his research led him to numerous ex-Nazis who were close to Hitler.

He said U.S. Nazis are "fakers" compared to National Socialists in Germany and "haven't the slightest idea what National Socialism really is."

Daily Progress, Charlotteville, Va., 6-20-77, submitted by WP Activist O.E., N.Y.

PATTERNS OF PROVOCATION

"Useful idiots" has been a term of lamentably long usage in Marxist circles, not that we lament the Marxists' choice of words. What we do find lamentable is that the Marxists and their 20th century successors, the Zionist Occupation Government of North America, still find so many useful idiots around to do circus sideshow stunts to keep the masses mystified and distracted. Sincere or otherwise, it is into this role that the White Nationalist casts himself when he plays Hollywood Nazi to hordes of screaming hebes, inviting their spittle and the disgust of potential White Nationalist supporters.

To be seen fighting the Battle of the Alamo single-handed or with a mere handful of devoted followers day after day, week after week, impresses the White Majority not as the untiring and courageous work of heroes, but as the vainglorious shenanigans of punch-drunk imbeciles. Nobody loves a loser, especially one who styles himself "a Great White Hope" and knocks himself out by bumping into the ring-post before the bout begins with the racial enemy.

"Quite frankly, one has to base one's judgement of an agent's loyalties not so much on his declarations, but on his effectiveness. A good agent must, of course, come into contact with his counterparts on the 'other side'. He will, of course, provide some useful information to them. The only clincher which proves his loyalty in the end is when we total up the books, so to speak and find out that his activities have shown a net gain for 'our side'." These were the words of a retired intelligence officer.

Intelligence-gathering and analysis are only minute parts of the entire political picture which is always dynamic and filled with the give and take of conflict among participants whose flair for the game ranges from non-think to double-think and even to brilliance. Like it or not, all of us – no matter how 'apolitical' we think ourselves to be – are in politics. It's a matter of being 'ducked' and drowned or learning to defend oneself and stay afloat.

Since intelligence is part of politics, we can broaden the intelligence officer's statement by substituting the word "politician" for "agent" in order to derive a good lie-detector test for politicians who claim to be on 'our side'. Once we have determined just what and who constitute 'our side', our lie-detector will be assembled and ready to use on the first politician who steps into the limelight of publicity.

Who and what constitutes 'our side'? Before charging off to do battle with the proverbial windmills, wouldn't it make sense to think awhile – by asking yourself, "For What and for Whom?" Once you have arrived at the answer, "I fight for White values and for my White Race," you won't be fighting windmills anymore. You'll be fighting the Jews and their stooges who are a lot nastier and trickier than the fastest whirling windmill.

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PANEM ET CIRCENSES

IT IS BETTER TO LIGHT ONE CANDLE THAN TO CURSE THE DARKNESS

Additional copies of this flyer
40 for $1.00.

Now that we know that 'our side' means the White Race and that our enemies, no matter what the color of their skin, are those who threaten the well-being of Our Race by working for the Number One Racial Enemy – the Jews – we are ready to use our lie-detector, our White Power lie-detector, to good advantage.

There is no need to give our White Power lie-detector test to any elected politician in the ZOGsystem, for we have only to receive their public statements to know for whom they work. This leaves us with only a small group of so-called radicals to test. Out of these we may dismiss immediately the patriots-for-profit, the "ain't-it-awful-but-what-can-anybody-do" creeps who batten like vampires on the public's masochism. We may also dismiss those Robert Belch type "Americanists" who have made their boodle out of the system and want us to protect it for them. So much for the kosher conservatives! As such people only recognize the green hues of the ZOG's medium of exchange, we must focus our attention upon those groups which purport to be first and foremost on the White Man's side – Our Side. Who are they?

In general, they are the terribly splintered formations which, in Pastor Miles' terms, can be classified as the "Nazi/KKK". Such nomenclature alone serves to discredit these proponents of White Nationalism in the eyes of the racially awakening White Majority. As if this first strike were not enough to indicate the outcome of the Nazi/KKK self-defeating kosher gameplan, here comes strike two in the form of funny-looking costumes which identify the wearers with the 1930 German White Power Movement or with the 1865 Southern States' White Power Movement. This makes the casual onlooker think that a bunch of kooks are trying to relive 'one day in the Third Reich' or enhance the value of Confederate money by resurrecting the Secessionist Movement. Those with a lesser appreciation of 'living history' will merely assume that some "Hogan's Heroes" fans have gone nuts and that some other fugitives from the local loony-bin think they can scare niggers with bedsheets in broad daylight. At least these comical conclusions are more rational than the idiot-ideologies advanced by the outlandish apparitions, for the Nazi/KKK achieves strike three by attempting to transplant, from another time and place, an ideology which has little direct relevance to most White Americans and impresses them most as being alien, embarrassing and nutty. Overshadowed as it is with irrelevant, alien and counterproductive trappings, the Nazi/KKK program strikes no chord of sympathy, immediacy nor interest and hence, receives no support from the White Majority. These gimpy gameplans come up with three strikes every time and they are OUT.

Let us take a few steps back in order to see the woods instead of the trees. Now we can observe a pattern forming out of recent events, a pattern of provocation which works into the fabric of Zionist enslavement; a pattern stamped "Made in Israel". Here are a few samples, although the reader can probably think of more:

(1) So-called Nazis swagger into a San Francisco ghetto, looking pretty tough by MGM standards. They set up a bookstore and when the Jews come, they run, screaming for police protection.

(2) So-called Nazis are fighting in

Note:-

court for a parade permit in Skokie, Illinois. When they get it, they'll regret it. Another kosher carnival in the offing.

(3) One of the bedsheet boys, a Klan Grand Panjandrum and Exalted Mucky-Muck set himself up as a fall-guy in the following manner: He held a regalia-rally on public ground and 'lit' a cross – a sacrilege to most Christians, whether you call the cruciconflagration 'lighting' or 'burning'. At any rate, the 'cross-lighting' was forbidden in advance by the park ranger within whose jurisdiction the rally took place and the klan leader was duly arrested on a misdemeanor, an act of 'martyrdom' on par with urinating in public.

Imagine, just for an outrageous moment, the effect upon the followers of Adolf Hitler if he had allowed himself to be arrested during a rally because his Mercedes was parked in front of a fireplug! So much for the 'power and dignity' of the Nazi/KKK. Is this the image White Nationalism needs? Even the Judeo-Sicilian Mafia has a better reputation than this!

In cases 1 and 2, the Jews score directly for being made to look persecuted, righteous and tough – the underdog coming out on top. The Hollywood Nazis, our bogus 'White Hopes', are made to look like bullies, windbags and cowards who receive their just deserts – just as we see in the movies – retreat and defeat. In case 3, the Jews score indirectly by publicizing this rather inscrutable action on the part of a White splinter group which serves the triple-play purpose of making the KKK look 'kinda funny' to the non-redneck Whites; humiliating a White leader before his followers and consequently, humiliating them; and worst of all, tarring the White Nationalist image with the brush of Kooky Kosher Konservatism. "So you want to be a White Nationalist, eh, sonny?" say the Jews. "Well, too bad for you – there's only the Nazi/KKK – such a deal!"

If you disagree with this analysis so far, let's put the shoe on the other foot. Let's suppose for one delicious moment that the Jews were to get steady, constant media coverage which made them out to be arrogant, vicious, stupid, cowardly bullies and cry-babies, all rolled into one. To cap the calamitous comedy, just suppose that a bunch of weirdly-garbed Jews played this fall-guy routine – time after time. If we were Jews, what would we think? Right – we'd think, "What Nazi outfit is paying those yid yo-yos to look like schmucks?" Well, White Comrades, those are the facts and the verdict is yours.

Regardless of sincerity, we see from our White Power lie-detector reading that these groups are really playing an important part in the Zionist Occupation Government's plans to flim-flam the White Man. The Nazi/KKK provides a rabid image for toothless hounds. For a White activist who wants to score for Our Side, joining any such group would be like a soldier choosing to arm himself with a rusty pocketknife instead of a machinegun.

The White Power lie-detector test reveals that there are no White Nationalist leaders worthy of the name, so it looks as if the White Power Movement will have to find them. Are you tired of the Nazi/KKK kosher conspiracy? Well, so are we, and we have joined the White Power Movement to do something about it.

Won't you join the White people

who are on YOUR side? If you can't join as an active member, why not support your side financially? You can rest assured that your support will not find its way into "investment property", but into Action.

The White Power Movement is your Home Team and we intend to make America a better home for White Americans.

YOUR SIDE NEEDS YOU!

WHITE POWER

THE ONLY WAY

WHITE POWER PUBLICATIONS

Triumph of the Will!

by P. La Rouche

The title of this article may seem at first presumptuous to those readers who have viewed Leni Riefenstahl's four-reel epic of the 1934 Party Day Rally in Nuremberg. Certainly, what has been so far accomplished by White Power Publications is not nearly so great nor as awe-inspiring as that great filmed event of 1934, which showed the Party at its full power and unity after fifteen arduous years of turmoil and struggle. The goal of White Power in America is still to be achieved, but White Power Publications has proven, since its inception that Will is the essential ingredient of all achievement, just as it was proven in 1934, when White Power flexed its muscles in Germany.

White Power Publications has been accused of various things – attempting to bury White Nationalists under heaps of original, high-quality propaganda; attempting to "take over the movement", etc., by so-called White Nationalists who use their self-proclaimed political leanings as an excuse for being dismal failures and non-achievers. Needless to say, their suspicious and finally hysterically hostile reactions to our offers of publishing assistance served to identify the losers and phonies to all thinking members of the White Nationalist movement. For the majority of self-styled 'Great White Hopes', the shock of real White Nationalist ideology was too wearing upon the frayed and tattered Third Reich trappings with which they cloak their demented ego-trips.

Because the founders of White Power Publications are achiever types, doers; men and women of thought as well as action, the viperish vituperation on the part of those we attempted to assist was surprising. Because we do not think like Jews, we could not see in advance how our generosity would be abused by those so-called members of Our Race who do think like Jews; nor did we foresee what impression our ideas would have on such persons' talmudically-twisted little worlds and warped Weltanschauungs. Their cursing and gnashing of teeth have only just begun.

It was a happy blend of straight-thinking and good fortune which garnered such good publicity for White Power Publications and the White Power Movement from the enemy camp. To be condemned by creeps is a privilege of the highest order and our creepy critics are such losers that even now, they do not seem to realize the favors they are doing for

us through their rabid denunciations. They would damage us far more in the eyes of America's White Majority if they praised us.

Previously, it was stated that White Power Publications came about as an act of Will. That is correct. George Dietz devoted his time, money, ingenuity and creative talent to this great effort, because he had the Will to do so. White Power Publications did not come about as an unearned windfall of inheritance, an Irish sweepstakes ticket, an ADL or CIA handout. It came about as the direct result of the Will of its creators and supporters. With such reserves of Will, the comrades of the WPP and the WPM demonstrate their capabilities of much greater achievement.

On the other hand, experience with other self-styled White Nationalist groups who lacked a good quality publication has revealed that such lack was symptomatic of a general lack of Will. In all other respects the Will to achieve — the necessary discipline, diligence and ideas were just not there. Events have shown and will continue to show that it is not a good publication which makes an effective organization — it is an effective organization which makes a good publication.

Hollywood Nazis need not apply.

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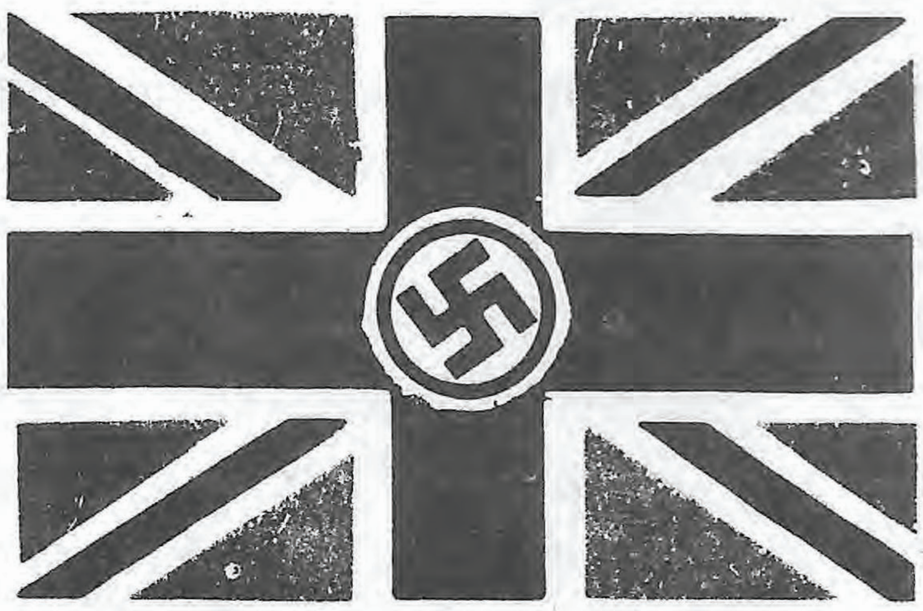

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THE STRONG IS STRONGEST WHEN ALONE!

by Adolf Hitler

The following item is none other than Chapter VIII of MEIN KAMPF, which is of particular relevance today as all the right-wing splinters in America vainly attempt to merge into a platform of political importance to the White Majority. We all know what happens when we rest anything, including our confidence, upon a splintered surface – torn trousers and torn hopes – the White people of America are wise enough not to place their trust or their backsides upon the present gathering of assorted misfits, creeps and losers who defame the cause of White Nationalism by purporting to speak in its name. The time is ripe for a new movement, unsullied by past failure and betrayal of public confidence, a movement which has something for the White Nation of America – The White Power Movement.

In the preceding chapter I mentioned the existence of a co-operative union between the German patriotic associations. Here I shall deal briefly with this question.

In speaking of a co-operative union we generally mean a group of associations which, for the purpose of facilitating their work, establish mutual relations for collaborating with one another along certain lines, appointing a common directorate with varying powers and thenceforth carrying out a common line of action. The average citizen is pleased and reassured when he hears that these associations, by establishing a co-operative union among one another, have at long last discovered a common platform on which they can stand united and have eliminated all grounds of mutual difference. Therewith a general conviction arises, to the effect that such a union is an immense gain in strength and that small groups which were weak as long as they stood alone have now suddenly become strong. Yet this conviction is for the most part a mistaken one.

It will be interesting and, in my opinion, important for the better understanding of this question if we try to get a clear notion of how it comes about that these associations, unions, etc., are established, when all of them declare that they have the same ends in view. In itself it would be logical to expect that one aim should be fought for by a single association and it would be more reasonable if there were not a number of associations fighting for the same aim. In the beginning there was undoubtedly only one association which had this one fixed aim in view. One man proclaimed a truth somewhere and, calling for the solution of a definite question, fixed his aim and founded a movement for the purpose of carrying his views into effect.

That is how an association or a

"At that period everything which could not stand on its own feet joined one of those co-operative unions, believing that eight lame people hanging on to one another could force a gladiator to surrender to them."

party is founded, the scope of whose program is either the abolition of existing evils or the positive establishment of a certain order of things in the future.

Once such a movement has come into existence it may lay practical claim to certain priority rights. The natural course of things would now be that all those who wish to fight for the same objective as this movement is striving for should identify themselves with it and thus increase its strength, so that the common purpose in view may be all the better served. Especially men of superior intelligence must feel, one and all, that by joining the movement they are establishing precisely those conditions which are necessary for practical success in the common struggle. Accordingly it is reasonable and, in a certain sense, honest – which honesty, as I shall show later, is an element of very great importance – that only one movement should be founded for the purpose of attaining the one aim.

The fact that this doens not happen must be attributed to two causes. The first may almost be described as tragic. The second is a matter for pity, because it has its foundation in the weaknesses of human nature. But, on going to the bottom of things, I see in both causes only facts which give still another ground for strengthening our will, our energy and intensity of purpose; so that finally, through the higher development of the human faculties, the solution of the problem in question may be rendered possible.

The tragic reason why it so often happens that the pursuit of one definite task is not left to one association alone is as follows: Generally speaking, every action carried out on the grand style in this world is the expression of a desire that has already existed for a long time in millions of human hearts, a longing which may have been nourished in silence. Yes, it may happen that throughout centuries men may have been yearning for the solution of a definite problem, because they have been suffering under an unendurable order of affairs, without seeing on the far horizon the coming fulfilment of the universal longing. Nations which are no longer capable of finding a heroic deliverance from such a sorrowful fate may be looked upon as effete. But, on the other hand, nothing gives better proof of the vital forces of a people and the consequent guarantee of its right to exist than that one day, through a happy decree of Destiny, a man arises who is capable of liberating his people from some great oppression, or of wiping out some bitter distress, or of calming the national soul which had been tormented through its sense of insecurity, and thus fulfilling what had long been the universal yearning of the people.

An essential characteristic of what are called the great questions of the time is that thousands undertake the task of solving them and that many feel themselves called to this task: yea, even that Destiny itself has proposed many for the choice, so that through the free play of forces the stronger and bolder shall finally be victorious and to him shall be entrusted the task of solving the problem.

Thus it may happen that for centuries many are discontented with the form in which their religious life expresses itself and yearn for a renovation of it; and so it may happen that through this impulse of the soul some dozens of men may arise who believe that, by virtue of their

understanding and their knowledge, they are called to solve the religious difficulties of the time and accordingly present themselves as the prophets of a new teaching or at least as declared adversaries of the standing beliefs.

Here also it is certain that the natural law will take its course, inasmuch as the strongest will be destined to fulfill the great mission. But usually the others are slow to acknowledge that only one man is called. On the contrary, they all believe that they have an equal right to engage in the solution of the difficulties in question and that they are equally called to that task. Their contemporary world is generally quite unable to decide which of all these possesses the highest gifts and accordingly merits the support of all.

So in the course of centuries, or indeed often within the same epoch, different men establish different movements to struggle towards the same end. At least the end is declared by the founders of the movements to be the same, or may be looked upon as such by the masses of the people. The populace nourishes vague desires and has only general opinions, without having any precise notion of their own ideals and desires to be fulfilled.

The tragedy lies in the fact that many men struggle to reach the same objective by different roads, each one genuinely believing in his own mission and holding himself in duty bound to follow his own road without any regard for the others.

These movements, parties, religious groups, etc., originate entirely independently of one another out of the general urge of the time, and all with a view to working towards the same goal. It may seem a tragic thing, at least at first sight, that this should be so, because people are too often inclined to think that forces which are dispersed in different directions would attain their ends far more quickly and more surely if they were united in one common effort. But that is not so. For Nature herself decides according to the rules of her inexorable logic. She leaves these diverse groups to compete with one another and dispute the palm of victory and thus she chooses the clearest, shortest and surest way along which she leads the movement to its final goal.

How could one decide from outside which is the best way, if the forces at hand were not allowed free play, if the final decision were to rest with the doctrinaire judgment of men who are so infatuated with their own superior knowledge that their minds are not open to accept the indisputable proof presented by manifest success, which in the last analysis always gives the final confirmation of the justice of a course of action.

Hence, though diverse groups march along different routes towards the same objective, as soon as they come to know that analogous efforts are being made around them, they will have to study all the more carefully whether they have chosen the best way and whether a shorter way may not be found and how their efforts can best be employed to reach the objective more quickly.

Through this rivalry each individual protagonist develops his faculties to a still higher pitch of perfection and the human race has frequently owed its progress to the lessons learned from the misfortunes of former attempts which have come to grief. Therefore we may conclude that we come to know the better ways of reaching final results through a state of things which

at first sight appeared tragic; namely, the initial dispersion of individual efforts, wherein each group was unconsciously responsible for such dispersion.

In studying the lessons of history with a view to finding a way for the solution of the German problem, the prevailing opinion at one time was that these two paths should have united from the very beginning. The chief representatives and champions of these two paths were Austria and Prussia respectively, Habsburg and Hohenzollern. All the rest, according to this prevalent opinion, ought to have entrusted their united forces to the one or the other party. But at that time the path of the most prominent representative, the Habsburg, would have been taken, though the Austrian policy would never have led to the foundation of a united German Reich.

Finally, a strong and united German Reich arose out of that which many millions of Germans deplored in their hearts as the last and most terrible manifestation of our fratricidal strife. The truth is that the German Imperial Crown was retrieved on the battlefield of Koeniggraetz and not in the fights that were waged before Paris, as was commonly asserted afterwards.

Thus the foundation of the German Reich was not the consequence of any common will working along common lines, but it was much more the outcome of a deliberate struggle for hegemony, though the protagonists were often hardly conscious of this. And from this struggle Prussia finally came out victorious. Anybody who is not so blinded by partisan politics as to deny this truth will have to agree that the so-called wisdom of men would never have come to the same wise decision as the wisdom of Life itself, that is to say, the free play of forces, finally brought to realization. For in the German lands of two hundred years before who would seriously have believed that Hohenzollern Prussia, and not Habsburg, would become the germ cell, the founder and the tutor of the new Reich? And, on the other hand, who would deny today that Destiny thus acted wiser than human wisdom. Who could now imagine a German Reich based on the foundations of an effete and degenerate dynasty?

No: The general evolution of things, even though it took a century of struggle, placed the best in the position that it had merited.

And that will always be so. Therefore it is not to be regretted if different men set out to attain the same objective. In this way the strongest and swiftest becomes recognized and turns out to be the victor.

Now there is a second cause for the fact that often in the lives of nations several movements which show the same characteristics strive along different ways to reach what appears to be the same goal. This second cause is not at all tragic, but just something that rightly calls forth pity. It arises from a sad mixture of envy, jealousy, ambition and the itch for taking what belongs to others. Unfortunately these failings are often found united in single specimens of the human species.

The moment a man arises who profoundly understands the distress of his people and, having diagnosed the evil with perfect accuracy, takes measures to cure it; the moment he fixes his aim and chooses the means to reach it – then paltry and pettifogging people become all attention and

eagerly follow the doings of this man who has thus come before the public gaze. Just like sparrows who are apparently indifferent, but in reality are frimly intent on the movements of the fortunate companion with the morsel of bread so that they may snatch it from him if he should momentarily relax his hold on it, so it is also with the human species. All that is needed is that one man should strike out on a new road and then a crowd of poltroons will prick up their ears and begin to sniff for whatever little booty may possibly lie at the end of that road. The moment they think they have discovered where the booty is to be gathered they hurry to find another way which may prove to be quicker in reaching that goal.

As soon as a new movement is founded and has formulated a definite program, people of that kind come forward and proclaim that they are fighting for the same cause. This does not imply that they are ready honestly to join the ranks of such a movement and thus recognize its right of priority. It implies rather that they intend to steal the program and found a new party on it. In doing this they are shameless enough to assure the unthinking public that for a long time they had intended to take the same line of action as the other has now taken, and frequently they succeed in thus placing themselves in a favorable light, instead of arousing the general disapprobation which they justly deserve. For it is a piece of gross impudence to take what has already been inscribed on another's flag and display it on one's own, tc steal the program of another, and then to form a separate group as if all had been created by the new founder of this group. The impudence of such conduct is particularly demonstrated when the individuals who first caused dispersion and disruption by their new foundation are those who — as experience has known — are most emphatic in proclaiming the necessity of union and unity the moment they find they cannot catch up with their adversary's advance.

It is to that kind of conduct that the so-called 'patriotic disintegration' is to be attributed.

Certainly in the years 1918-1919 the founding of a multitude of new groups, parties, etc., calling themselves 'Patriotic', was a natural phenomenon of the time, for which the founders were not at all responsible. By 1920 the National Socialist German Labor [sic] Party had slowly crystallized from all these parties and had become supreme. There could be no better proof of the sterling honesty of certain individual founders than the fact that many of them decided, in a really admirable manner, to sacrifice their manifestly less successful movements to the stronger movement, by joining it unconditionally and dissolving their own.

This is especially true in regard to Julius Streicher, who was at that time the protagonist of the German Socialist Party in Nuremberg. The National Socialist German Labor Party had been founded with similar aims in view, but quite independently of the other. I have already said that Streicher, then a teacher in Nuremberg, was the chief protagonist of the German Socialist Party. He had a sacred conviction of the mission and future of his own movement. As soon, however, as the superior strength and stronger growth of the National Socialist Party became clear and unquestionable to his mind, he gave up

his work in the German Socialist Party and called upon his followers to fall into line with the National Socialist German Labor Party, which had come out victorious from the mutual contest, and carry on the fight within its ranks for the common cause. The decision was personally a difficult one for him, but it showed a profound sense of honesty.

When that first period of the movement was over there remained no further dispersion of forces: for their honest intentions had led the men of that time to the same honorable, straightforward and just conclusion. What we now call the 'patriotic disintegration' owes its existence exclusively to the second of the two causes which I have mentioned. Ambitious men who at first had no ideas of their own, and still less any concept of aims to be pursued, felt themselves 'called' exactly at that moment in which the success of the National Socialist German Labor Party became unquestionable.

Suddenly programs appeared which were mere transcripts of ours. Ideas were proclaimed which had been taken from us. Aims were set up on behalf of which we had been fighting for several years, and ways were mapped out which the National Socialists had for a long time trodden. All kinds of means were resorted to for the purpose of trying to convince the public that, although the National Socialist German Labor Party had now been for a long time in existence, it was found necessary to establish these new parties. But all these phrases were just as insincere as the motives behind them were ignoble.

In reality all this was grounded only on one dominant motive. That motive was the personal ambition of the founders, who wished to play a part in which their own pigmy talents could contribute nothing original except the gross effrontery which they displayed in appropriating the ideas of others, a mode of conduct which in ordinary life is looked upon as thieving.

At that time there was not an idea or concept launched by other people which these political kleptomaniacs did not seize upon at once for the purpose of applying to their own base uses. Those who did all this were the same people who subsequently, with tears in their eyes, profoundly deplored the 'patriotic disintegration' and spoke unceasingly about the 'necessity of unity'. In doing this they nurtured the secret hope that they might be able to cry down the others, who would tire of hearing these loud-mouthed accusations and would end up by abandoning all claim to the ideas that had been stolen from them and would abandon to the thieves not only the task of carrying these ideas into effect but also the task of carrying on the movements of which they themselves were the original founders.

When that did not succeed, and the new enterprises, thanks to the paltry mentality of their promoters, did not show the favorable results which had been promised beforehand, then they became more modest in their pretenses and were happy if they could land themselves in one of the so-called 'co-operative unions'.

At that period everything which could not stand on its own feet joined one of those co-operative unions, believing that eight lame people hanging on to one another could force a gladiator to surrender to them.

But if among all these cripples there was one who was sound of limb, he

had to use all his strength to sustain the others and thus he himself was practically paralyzed.

We ought to look upon the question of joining these working coalitions as a tactical problem, but, in coming to a decision, we must never forget the following fundamental principle:

Through the formation of a working coalition associations which are weak in themselves can never be made strong, whereas it can and does happen not infrequently that a strong association loses its strength by joining in a coalition with weaker ones. It is a mistake to believe that a factor of strength will result from the coalition of weak groups; because experience shows that under all forms and all conditions the majority represents the duffers and poltroons. Hence a multiplicity of associations, under a directorate of many heads, elected by these same associations, is abandoned to the control of poltroons and weaklings. Through such a coalition the free play of forces is paralyzed, the struggle for the selection of the best is abolished and therewith the necessary and final victory of the healthier and stronger is impeded. Coalitions of that kind are inimical to the process of natural development, because for the most part they hinder rather than advance the solution of the problem which is being fought for.

It may happen that, from considerations of a purely tactical kind, the supreme command of a movement whose goal is set in the future will enter into a coalition with such associations for the treatment of special questions and may also stand on a common platform with them, but this can be only for a short and limited period. Such a coalition must not be permanent, if the movement does not wish to renounce its liberating mission. Because if it should become indissolubly tied up in such a combination it would lose the capacity and the right to allow its own forces to work freely in following out a natural development, so as to overcome rivals and attain its own objective triumphantly.

It must never be forgotten that nothing really great in this world has ever been achieved through coalitions, but that such achievements have always been due to the triumph of the individual. Successes achieved through coalitions, owing to the very nature of their source, carry the germs of future disintegration in them from the very start; so much so that they have already forfeited what has been achieved. The great revolutions which have taken place in human thought and have veritably transformed the aspect of the world would have been inconceivable and impossible to carry out except through titanic struggles waged between individual natures, but never as the enterprises of coalitions.

And, above all things, the People's State will never be created by the desire for compromise inherent in a patriotic coalition, but only by the iron will of a single movement which has successfully come through in the struggle with all the others.

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THE FUTURE BELONGS TO WHITE POWER

by P. LaRouche

When the White Power Movement emerged just over a year ago, it appeared not as a typical letterhead outfit in search of an ideology, but as the direct expression of the thoughts and programs of creative White Activists which had been evolving for several generations on this continent. The White Power Movement is not trying to jump on the White Nationalist bandwagon – it is the White Nationalist bandwagon!

Germans, Romanians, Italians, Frenchmen, Dutchmen, Norwegians, etc., came to similar crossroads a generation or two earlier. They achieved brilliant initial successes and suffered crushing local defeats. The defeats, however, were of a military nature and since the idea of White Power is not primarily a military program, the Zionist masters of Communism and Capitalism achieved no victory over the idea of White Power, but over its adherents. The human proponents of White Power were not converted by the superior wit and wisdom of Zionist concepts; they were merely killed or imprisoned. The materialist adherents of Zionist Communism/Capitalism won in the material sense, but, believing in materialism alone does not keep them from becoming uneasy in the face of a dynamic and undefeated ideal – the idea of White Power – and uneasy they certainly should be.

In 1945 they thought they had won. The Zionist dominators of our White Race looked about them and saw the millions upon millions of dead White soldiers, the hanged White leaders, the starving, hollow-eyed White children. They gloated as they raped and tortured the most beautiful Aryan maidens and they thought that the day of their demonic messiah had finally dawned. But in their orgy of military victory, the Zionists completely overlooked their ideological defeat.

The Jew Communists in the east and the Jew Capitalists in the west had not solved one single problem that modern, industrialized, urbanized societies face. They only achieved their postponement. Thus, what we see today is the sons inheriting the sins of their fathers. The two Zionist, sovietized super-powers – the USA and USSR – have deteriorated into soulless, brutal and oppressive mechanisms which the Zionists use for subjecting the peoples of this earth to their every whim.

All of us in the White Power Movement and most non-member readers of this article are graduates of various anti-communist groups and so-called right wing parties. All of these we joined out of alarm and concern for our country and our race. We had the highest hopes and were convinced that we had joined a

winning team and a righteous cause. But our hopes were dashed time after time.

Now that our initial enthusiasm has been dampened, we have become battle-hardened and battle-scarred. Our 20-20 hindsight, acquired through learning by doing, reveals to us that we should have done things a little differently. Many of our fellow White Nationalists have been so shocked by the impact of their hard-won learning experience that many have withdrawn from the front lines through defeat, battle fatigue or disillusionment. Some of these drop outs from the struggle wallow in self-pity or shrewishly back-bite their ex-comrades from feelings of egotism – the feeling that "if I can't lick the racial enemy my way, then nobody can". But however tough the going gets, there are in the ranks of the White fighters for freedom the ever young and active at heart – the total Aryans.

It is to these warriors that we direct this message today, for this part of our White Power Program is aimed specifically at building the foundations of the Movement which will take our country back from the Zionist usurpers. We are calling all fighters, whatever their age, sex, job and status in life. Listen to our message; decide for yourselves and then, go into action.

We have given America in the last year a movement which is urgently needed: The White Power Movement. We have adopted the only historically and currently relevant emblem, the Star & Swastika, which shows that we stand for our country and our race, just as we have passed on to other beleaguered White populations the emblem designs most appropriate to their people and land. But emblems, no matter how beautiful and potent, are far from being the only weapons we provide our enthusiastic racial comrades and their budding White Power groups around the world.

We of the White Power Movement have made and will continue to make available high quality, politically relevant informational material from our printing facilities. It is our output of excellence which is attracting ever-increasing numbers of the best Aryan thinkers who remain uncontaminated by Jewitis of the brain-cells. We are proud to report that considerable progress has been made in this direction.

SEPARATING THE MEN FROM THE BOYS

Because we are White men and women who are totally committed to the survival and progress of Our Race, we joined at first with other groups in order to strengthen the common front against the racial enemy. We sought unity, but did not achieve it within existing groups.

On promises of unity and collaboration the White Power Movement turned over its facilities and the devoted creativity of its personnel to these other groups. Tons of material were printed to their order, either at cost or for free, all in the interest of unity. But our disappointment was great when we saw that these promises of unity were entirely phony and were nothing more than predacious opportunism of the sort one finds among winos and stew-bums who hear an offer of free booze.

The shocking fact which we paid so much in time, money, labor and energy to discover is that all too few of our self-styled "White" Nationalist leaders are capable of thinking like

White men. These ersatz Aryans viewed our offers with suspicion, looking for 'angles' and 'conspiracies'; inventing nefarious designs against them when none existed. At first we could not believe how Judaized or Jew-dazed were the self-proclaimed leaders of the supposedly anti-Jew forces in this country and other parts of the world.

Rumors and malicious allegations flew thick and fast as these so-called White Nationalists departed with their tons of printed matter. Because these maggot-men (not White men) associated excellence with Jewishness, they said the White Power Movement was a Jew front group. Some of these inside-out Oreo cookies mistook our obvious intelligence and experience as evidence that we were a CIA operation – certainly not FBI! The red gestapo of Jew-ruled Austria reported this in correspondence which we managed to obtain through our World Service contacts. Ex-gestapo informer Simon Wiesenthal shrieks that we are channelling funds into Nazi front organizations for the protection of Nazi "war criminals" and the U.S. Labor Party (KGB) accuses us of being a Nazi-Spinne Justice Department outfit. Such accusations from the racial enemy are complimentary in comparison to the muck flung at us by our supposed racial comrades!

These vicious and unjust attacks from those who declared themselves to be White Nationalists enabled us to separate the men from the boys. Jim Mason has played such an essential role in this regard that were he nonexistent, we would have had to invent him! Those who stand on the correct side of the Mason-Dietz Line have overcome at least one hurdle which we have erected to separate the creeps from the comrades, therefore it is in the true spirit of Aryan generosity that we present Jim Mason with the creeps he seeks while we get on with the construction of a firmly-founded movement.

Thus did we free ourselves of the creeps, the rats and the pathological loser-types – those motivated by malice, those who confused tactics with strategy, the Hollywood Nazis, etc. Out of this arduous and sometimes painful process we found who was for real in America and so this phase of our operations has now been completed to our satisfaction. We have come out of this year of struggle and construction in good fighting trim and in so doing we have shed the flabby letterhead outfits and Jew fronts. We have ousted the psychopaths and vainglorious headline-seekers from the White Man's Movement. You will not find amongst us silly, self-styled "Grand Dragons", "Klodds", "Wizards", "Gizzards", "Snakes" or "Salamanders of the High Imperial Order of the Kristal Kommandery". There are no self-styled "Reichsfuehrers SS", no "Commandants" nor "Commanders" – those poseurs who talk of the Leadership Principle when they have neither the qualities of leadership nor principle.

You will have noted the total absence of fanciful names, ranks and titles; the conspicuously absent collection of post office box units. There is, however, Our Man in Chicago or Our Man in Troi Pistol, Quebec, but why the anonymity? There are very good reasons: (1) We already know who has the power in America – the ZOG – therefore we do not have to prove this to ourselves. (2) We do not see that joining the White Power

Movement should be on par with self-immolation. Therefore, we like our activists to keep their jobs and any positions of influence they may have within the ZOG system. All of those who 'raise the Banner' at this stage are merely courting unemployment or employment on a much lower level of ZOGdom and render themselves even less effective for the cause. (3) We are not on a 'publicity-at-any-price' ego-trip. Thus, we do not advertise that which we cannot defend. The Banner shall not be raised until there is sufficient strength not only to defend it from violation and disgrace, but to carry it to victory. Certainly there is nothing to be gained by having our local activists court harassment, but they are active nevertheless.

Some naive ones have asked, "Who is your leader?" Because they see no one bearing the insignia, uniform or title of leader, they cannot recognize leadership. It is hoped during this phase of development that the ZOG is just as blind to leadership as are the ones who ask this question. The Leader, friends and comrades, will be chosen by himself, for he will be the one who serves the White Power Movement most capably and consistently over the longest period of time. If you do not see the Leader now, just look closer and work harder and you may discover that the Leader is you! The advent of the Leader will be confirmed not by pompous words, but by general acclamation based on deeds. The Leader must become known by his works, not by words of empty eloquence, melodramatic poses and cloakroom conspiratorial capabilities. In short, the Leader must be an Aryan in his ancestry, his attitudes and in his abilities. The White people of America will accept nothing less.

So, patience friends! Every journey begins with the first step and though there are few of us on this Long March of Destiny, more will join us until we form, as in Adolf Hitler's time, the mighty column of a unified nation.

PHASE II

It seems that the White Man, in order to feel a sense of belonging, needs the outward accoutrements of a uniform. Again, we see the disastrous effect of judeo-liberal miseducation and media brainwashing. A Jew, a Chinese or a Black never needs a uniform, for they still think with their blood. They always know which team they are on. Few Whites now feel their race's call with every heartbeat. The White Man has been robbed of his soul by the Jew theologians, money-lenders and media masters and whenever a White man does appear with his soul — his racially healthy common sense — the Jews and their lick-spittles sneer that he is "behind the times".

George Lincoln Rockwell said that the day would come when the White Race would discover that its skin was its uniform. That day has not yet arrived, although the sooner it does, the better it will be for all of us. In the meantime, a new age is dawning and we intend to be its midwives. Today's White youth has been captured by Madison Avenue merchandising methods and sales techniques which have decreed that they adopt as fashion the basic worker's garment of the White world — blue jeans.

The American craze of blue jeans, a basic component of cowboy garb, has caught on around the world like Coca Cola. They became the IN thing to wear for war-protesters and war-profiteers alike — granny patches

and all. The more lived and worked in they looked, the better they were liked and the higher the price.

The most sought after product on the black markets of Communist countries today are "American blue jeans" – a true piece of samisdat merchandising. The Central Committee of the Communist Party of Jew-ruled East Germany was called into special session to debate and pass judgement on the blue jean question: whether blue jeans were symbolic of the decadent West or of the Western working class. Needless to say, the fashion verdict was found in favor of the working class, but not only in East Germany. Factory brigades in Romania are now wearing blue denim uniforms!

It is amusing to relate a conversation between a Hollywood Nazi advocate and a White Power Activist. As the discussion zeroed in on the issue of tactics versus strategy, one item being uniforms, the White Power Activist asked what success Hitler would have achieved in 1930 Germany had his followers decked themselves out in bedsheets and KKK insignia. "No success at all," agreed the Hollywood Nazi type. But when the W.P.A. tried to show the logical similarity of adopting a 1930 style National Socialist uniform and insignia for America of the 1970's, the H.N. simply found it beyond his capabilities to make the obvious connection. Fortunately, the WPM is not an 'equal opportunity employer' so we do not enlist persons with such dreadful handicaps. We will not trade the White Race for a 1930 Storm Trooper's outfit.

Having said before that we wanted to be relevant to our people in our times, while paying due homage to the heroic past, we have decided to adopt blue jeans and denim shirts as our Standard Activist's Uniform. With this decision, over 90% of the young people of White America now own at least half a WPM uniform and they wear it proudly, day after day, to school, to university, to work, at play, at the theater and on dates with their steady boy or girlfriends. So, welcome aboard, young America! All you need now is a shirt to match.

When we go out on demonstrations, our numbers will appear to increase, as if by magic. Suddenly, it will appear that White Nationalists are everywhere. The sidewalks will be packed with our 'adherents'. The university lecture halls and high school auditoriums will be crowded with "New Nazis" in full or part uniform. The White Power Activist will not be viewed as a freak, but as a peer-group member. Peer-group pressure is the primary molder of youth in today's society and we are going to make it work for us, not against us. Instead of distracting our potential supporters with outlandish costumes, we shall focus their attention on the White Power Message by being with them, looking like them and being part of them.

The aforesaid does not mean that we should ape their vices, but that we are now prepared to appeal to their fundamental decency as Aryans of today. Our eloquent message of White Pride and White Power will soon win them to our ranks.

The minions of the ZOG will be in a quandary now that the Nazis can no longer be identified by their Lederhosen and Brownshirts. It is conceivable that many innocent and beautiful blond, blue-eyed pot-smokers will be mistaken for

White Power Movement members and will be made to feel what 'freedom' under ZOG is really like. After such treatment, these victims will no doubt be looking for a place to go, a relief and revenge for their sufferings. They will come to us.

TRADITION & HONOR

Because we honor those who have fought and sacrificed so much for Our Race while wearing the khaki of the *Sturmabteilung* and those who have fought under the red, white and black Swastika Banner, whatever their uniform, we pay homage to tradition by retaining the khaki uniform and the traditional black, white and red armbands and banners for use on special occasions by specially designated White Power Units and individuals. This means that a number of prerequisites will have to be fulfilled before any person or unit is permitted to wear this sacred uniform.

IDENTIFICATION

On the left sleeve of the blue denim shirt or jacket, between shoulder and elbow, will be permanently sewn the badge or banner of the White Activist's country – the Stars & Stripes of the U.S.A.; the Maple Leaf of Canada; the Union Jack of Britain, etc.

On the front left pocket flap there will be sewn a small patch of "velcro" material which is available in any sewing supply store. This plastic material is replacing zippers in snowsuits and army parkas, for when another piece of velcro material comes into contact, they cling together like two cockleburs. Such material will be sewn on the back of your White Power Emblem so that it will adhere by pressing it onto the velcro of your pocket flap. The object in having a detachable White Power Emblem is to provide for escape and evasion should you be pursued by ZOGmen and other thugs or you may wish to attend a rival group's meetings. Merely peel off the White Power patch and slap on a substitute – a Playboy Bunny or hippy chicken foot which you have thoughtfully carried in your shirt pocket, just for the occasion – presto, chango!

This uniform is designed so that those potential supporters of our presently on 'the other side' may come to our meetings and feel comfortable. We want them to come and to hear the White Power Message, to see White Power Activists in action. We want their attendance and if they think they are putting one over on us, so be it.

WALKING BILLBOARDS

One of the saddest and costliest sins of omission on the part of those White Nationalists who would trade the future of Our Race for a mess of regalia is in their refusal to advertise. All in all, they have shown a pathetic lack of imagination and gumption when it comes to propaganda. Adolf Hitler could have taught them a thing or two about advertising and getting the maximum mileage out of propaganda devices. After all, if you are going to take the trouble to risk your neck out there on a demonstration, you might as well show your address and telephone number so that new-made friends and converts can contact you.

Adolf Hitler wrote that he designed the NSDAP Banner purposely to be a propaganda poster. This should sound the bells loud and clear for Hollywood Nazis who just can't make it with the masses. It's a pity their ears are stuffed with wax – or something.

So too must the White Power Activist be a walking propaganda poster, advertising the local or national movement's telephone number and postal address, including zip code. Again, velcro to the rescue – slap on large patches on the back of your uniform jacket or shirt which state in no uncertain terms the complete address and telephone number of your White Power Group. The same may be done on the shirtfront, either across the entire chest or over the right front pocket. Every helmet or hardhat worn must be similarly informative to the viewer as well as protective to the wearer. Up to the present, millions upon millions of dollars worth of prime television advertising have been lost simply because so-called White Nationalists were too simple-minded to think of this tactic. A White freedom fighter's uniform should assist him to fight – and to win – otherwise, it should remain appropriately in the closet. As long as we are fighting a battle for men's minds, we must wage a war of words; therefore, we must advertise or go under.

The mini-signs for the uniform jacket, shirt or T-shirt can be obtained from the usual Jew-run iron-on shop. Watch them do a couple for you so that you get the knack, then purchase the requisite letters. Often the kosher proprietors will think you are some kind of kinky sexpert who wants to put some obscene words on his underwear. Let them wallow in the gutter, for that is where they belong.

For decorating the helmet, go to a graphic arts dealer and obtain some "Stick-Type" or "Letra Sign". You can buy each individual letter for a nominal amount and then do a neat job of sticking them on the helmet. Strive for perfection, because this job is just as important as any company letterhead or calling card. If you project a loser's image, people will take you up on it and agree that you are indeed a loser. Is this what you are going to so much trouble to achieve? Let's hope not.

BOOKSTORES & HQ'S

These are pretty big orders. Don't start out looking like a failure or you will quickly become one. Don't attempt to establish such premises on a shoestring – what does it look like if you open a White Power anything, then have to close for lack of funds? The loser's image all over again. Therefore, you should be sure that you have at least four to five months' rent and sufficient cash to meet running expenses.

If you decide to open a bookstore, pay for all the books you wish to keep in stock and remember that you have to meet your expenses out of book sales. This way you automatically cut down on lots of the right-wing rubbish which is being peddled these days to befuddle the gullible goyim. In your perusal of right-wing reading lists you will no doubt discover in short order that the WPM has the most complete listing of the most up-to-date and most inexpensive material; therefore, the most saleable.

If you wish to establish a store and not a kosher bonfire, don't choose a Jewish neighborhood in which to thumb your nose in the kikes' faces. This is childish pranksterism and unworthy of grown ups who are trying to build a lasting White People's Movement. The best target area for a bookstore would be in a racially-threatened White area.

A political bookstore demands more than an ordinary one, although

any bookstore operator can tell you the things he must do to realize a profit. Thus, you must be a good businessman and keep competent records. But in addition, you must prepare your position in a military manner. Provision must be made for 24-hour occupancy, week ends included. The racial enemy never takes a holiday and you can't afford to either.

The Rudolf Hess Bookstore fiasco was an expensive way to show one and all how not to do it, so let's take some object lessons from this horrible example in regard to the exterior of the store. First off, the name of the establishment — WHITE POWER CENTER or BOOKSTORE, etc. — should be high enough so that it can only be reached by a ladder. Even Jews are subject to questioning from the police if they are seen carrying a ladder through a working class neighborhood in the wee, small hours of the morning.

Print your sign on masonite or better still, on metal with enamel paint. Don't be wary of sign-painters because they can do good work for relatively little money. The color scheme, of course, is red, white and blue; the background white. Put the complete postal address and telephone number right up there where it is visible for all to see and cannot be easily defaced or destroyed. This is free advertising not only for passersby, but will appear in any photo of the premises or TV presentation.

Show your patriotism by hanging out a large flag. People love to see the flag and you'll probably be the only flag-flyer on the block.

The bottom portion of the street-level display window should be devoted to the display of White Power Reports, etc., so that people can read propaganda material without coming in. Flyers should be available from the outside simply by driving a nail in the wall and attaching a few at a time to it.

PRECAUTIONS AGAINST BURGLARS & BOMBERS

Make a frame to cover the outside of your store window. Some ingenious persons have used parts of old bedsprings and chicken wire. Nail, wire or weld this covering to the frame and affix the frame about four inches away from the window glass. Put a nice coat of paint on your work and make it look neat. Remember — Nazis are always neat. So now your place is molotov cocktail-resistant.

Screw some old bedsprings on the inside of your doors and windows to make your premises burglar-proof, not to mention discouraging to axe-wielding hebes. Chopping one's way through a wooden door is child's play compared to the impossible task of chopping through a set of bedsprings. Try it sometime.

All the necessary material you can obtain cheaply from the local junkyard or free, from the city dump. There is always an eager Moishe or Izzey around to sell to a Nazi in need.

HOW TO HUSTLE THE WHITE POWER MESSAGE

Don't clutter up your store with dreary 1930-style propaganda materials. You are running a store and you are selling White Power — right? So don't make it look like a museum. Besides, these days, few people read. That takes too much thinking and thinking is work for most people. Entertainment is something else, however, so take the hint.

Go to your local rag-picker or Goodwill Store and buy up all the ragged blue jeans you can find. Quantity purchases usually run about 49 cents a pair of shorts and 19 cents a pair of pants. Take these back to the bookstore and dump them on a large table in the center of the room. Pile them up high.

Then have a handbill prepared or duplicate one yourself. Invite people to your store, offering as a FREE GIFT a White Power blue jean patch which may cost you as much as fifty cents each. Pass out the handbills around lunchtime near your local high school and get ready for the invasion!

Around 4:30 p.m. your premises will be aswarm with curious kids who want to buy all those battle-worn, torn and tattered White Power Storm Troopers' pants for whatever an honest storekeeper cares to charge potential repeat customers, White kids, eager and looking for answers!

Do you get the point, Whitey?

Now, why have the traditionalist White Nationalists not thought up something like this? Why — because we have the brains.

Keep up your subscription to White Power Report. There are more ideas on the way!

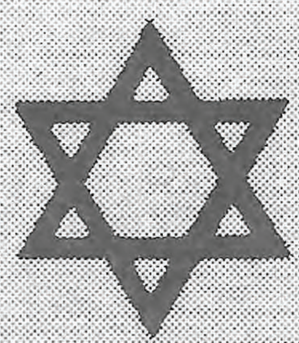
COLLECTOR WANTS TO BUY:
German Uniforms, Equipment, Medals etc. to 1945
Send your offers to:
COLLECTOR c/o
White Power Publications, Box 21, Reedy, W.Va. 25270

JUST OFF THE PRESS

$1.50
Order from:

LIBERTY BELL PUBLICATIONS
REEDY, WEST VIRGINIA 25270

WHITE ROOTS?
Discover them by looking through
THE NORTHERN RING
by Dahana Wood
Send $3.50 to P.O. Box 156, Round Mountain, California 96084



BOLSHEVISM from MOSES to LENIN

DIETRICH ECKART

ACTION REPORT

OOPS!

For those activists who think they can always get some mileage out of the jewsmedia, a comrade reports the following media-manipulation incident in California: It seemed that the fags were freaking out about Anita Bryant and were going to hold a 'ban Anita' rally, so three White Power Activists in the locality made some posters, complete with Aryan Crosses. In good poster tradition, they simply printed in big letters: EAT ORANGES! Then they descended upon the swarming faggots, chanting "Jail fags!"

The objects of our three picketeers' Aryan ire turned their backs to the three-man White Power demo and continued to do 'their own thing'. But TV coverage of the White Power counter-demonstration was something else!

Although the WP men had marched directly in front of the television cameras, chanting loudly and displaying their posters to good advantage, the kosher editor cut the sound and inserted the White Power film clip among the fags', without identifying the White Power presence. When viewed by typical tube boobs, it looked as if a group of faggot Nazis were supporting the demonstration against Anita Bryant! The public was given the distinct impression that bedfellows make strange politics.

What would you have done? All you activists, including the armchair variety are invited to make suggestions. The WPR editor suggests that the posters were worded ambiguously and should have left no doubt in the minds of viewers as to what was on the minds of the White Power contingent. A poster reading "NUTS TO FRUITS!" or "ORANGES – THE ONLY FRUIT FOR US!" or "FLUSH FAGS!" might have got the message across to the television audience. That's part of the idea, isn't it?

RWPP REGROUPS: THE WHITE TOEHOLD ON AFRICA

Our South African White Power correspondent reports that the Rhodesia White People's Party has been driven underground and that all of the openly-identified membership has been deported or starved out through loss of jobs. Rhodesian Zionist authorities of the Ian Smith regime have stopped all deliveries of mail to known Party addresses. [See change of address notice in this regard.] Rhodesian Whites are being encouraged to emigrate by the local jewsmedia and the Smith sheenie-stooges. As for those who do their military service and refuse to bow to the dark and dreary barrage of propaganda, they can look forward either to a bullet, like White Power comrade Coey and others, or to subsequent charges for 'war crimes' under a U.N. kangaroo tribunal. As hard as they fight, they will not stop Smith from signing over Rhodesia to the Blacks in 1978 as he has promised.

Sold out, but undefeated, the White Power Activists advance to new battle fronts.

SOUTH AFRICA

One new battle zone for White Power Activists is South Africa, the Zionist-dominated 'White Hope' on that dark and dismal continent. As compared to Rhodesian Whites, who were studiously oblivious to the racial problem, there are staunch pro-White elements in this beleaguered country which seems to have no friends in the whole world.

Every April 20th there is a strange occurrence in the Jew ghetto called Hillbrow in Johannesburg (Jewburg to South African Whites), for this is the unlikely location for the famous beerhall known as the Deutsche Keller. It was on April 20, 1977, that the Chairman-in-exile of the Rhodesia White People's Party led the gathering of approximately 250 people in National Socialist songs, accompanied by the resident band. Closet-types came out in full regalia. The Banner was saluted and toasts drunk to White Power around the world. South African police with guard dogs stood outside to protect any suicidal Jew from trying to emulate the Viking berserkers in that crowd.

The RWPP Chairman states: "The air of the beerhall was electric and no Jew would have dared to enter. If we had started a White Power Party there and then, I reckon we would have had around 150 members to start with."

The work continues, and White Power proceeds to take shape in South Africa.

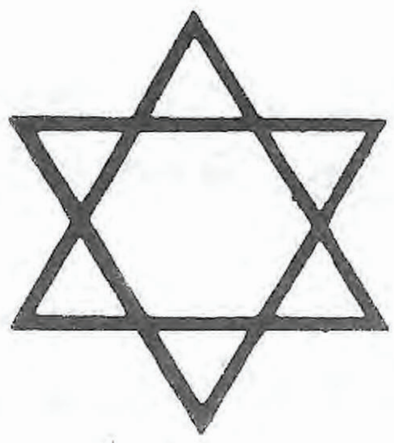
TRIUMPH OF THE WILL TAKES TO THE HILLS

White Power Activists George Dietz and Eric Campbell brought the White Power Message to the mountain folk of Ritchie County, West Virginia, in a presentation requested by local White Power Activists. West Virginia is an unusual area for White Power, as most counties have few or no Black invaders in residence. In other words, this is time-capsule country in which the biggest event ever to happen, aside from the Civil War, was the Hatfield-McCoy Feud.

Most of the Whites preface their remarks on race by saying, "I saw a colored fella once..." Thus, the impact of 20th century race war has largely bypassed these White hillfolk and so, it was with small expectations that the "Triumph" team from Reedy made its foray into the woods with movie screen and projector.

The results were better than expected, however, because the film was introduced with a brief White Power Message explaining that this great film showed what White Unity and White Power could achieve in one small country. It was pointed out that White Power snatched Germany from the maw of the Jewish Moloch and put it back on the firm path of progress and White Racial Destiny.

Between reels, questions from the audience were answered by activists in attendance. Donations collected helped defray the cost of the trip and it looked as if the "Triumph" team had sown some seeds of thought in the minds of these sturdy and taciturn mountaineers.



'LA VIA DOLOROSA' OF Simon Wiesenthal

The following is the English translation of a letter by Mr Hermann Munk of Vienna, Austria, which was addressed to Deutsche Buergerinitiative, Attorney Manfred Roeder, 3579 - Schwarzenborn, Germany, *where the original letter is retained.*

Vienna, 17 October 1969

Gentlemen:

Please allow me to submit the following background information on self-styled *Eichmann-Hunter* 'Engineer' Simon Wiesenthal:

Until the end of the German campaign against Poland in 1939, Simon Wiesenthal worked as foreman in the oil fields of Grosny, Poland. The title *engineer* he assumed on his own authority. After the defeat of Poland, Wiesenthal beat his retreat to Romania.

Soon after the arrival of a German army training regiment in Bukarest and the establishment of the *S.D.* [S.D.-Sicherheits Dienst - Security Services] office, Wiesenthal entered the services of the latter and remained a collaborator until Romania was vacated by German troops.

Later on, Wiesenthal surfaced in Vienna claiming he had been racially persecuted

and that he had spent a long period of time in German concentration camps. This, as well as his claim to the title *engineer,* are figments of his own imagination since he never spent a single day in a concentration camp.

All of this information was recently brought to the attention of the *Israelitische Kultusgemeinde* [Israeli Cultural Community] in Vienna, and Wiesenthal is no longer respected in those circles.

One can only assume that Wiesenthal's actions are not based on ethical reasons, but on a pure and simple desire for self-aggrandizement, and that he is an adventurer without scruples.

Respectfully
signed:Hermann Munk

IT'S TIME TO FIGHT!

If you think you're 'worth your salt',
Help bring subversion to a halt!
Today, your country needs a boost,
Conniving Jews now rule 'The Roost'!

They rule your MONEY – and rule DEFENSE,
Does that really make good sense?
They've infiltrated our Christian Church,
Leaving Christians in the lurch!

Just look at Congress, what say you?
Sad to say, they BOUGHT IT, too!
Bought it with the Rothschilds' money,
With ROCKY FRONTING, which isn't funny!

Yes, they planned our sorry plight,
SO, BLOW THE BUGLE – START TO FIGHT!
– Sentinalius 1977 –

What the WHITE POWER MOVEMENT stands for:

Because we represent those members of the White Race who live on the American Continent, we enclose our ancient racial emblem, the Holy Swastika, in a five-pointed star which represents our country and because we are Americans, we proclaim our patriotism with the colors red, white and blue.

The Swastika proclaims to all that we are Bio-patriots, not Geo-patriots, because we fight for our people and not for a piece of real estate. We do not defend our land, but the right of our people to live on it. Without the White Race, we have no future and the land no value. The Swastika is not a German symbol. It has been the White Man's Symbol from the dawn of time, proudly displayed by the Vikings, the Aryan conquerors of India, Alexander the Great and American presidential candidates. The White Man's Sign belongs no more to the 'Nazis' of Hollywood than does the Cross of the Christian belong to the telephone companies.

The Swastika is our talisman against cowards, weaklings and do-nothings. It is also proof against our racial enemies, whatever their guise. Indeed, it is our secret weapon.

WE OF THE WHITE POWER MOVEMENT DO SOLEMNLY PLEDGE:

(1) To provide the White Majority with a party which represents their interests and not the hidden hand of Zion of which the Democrats and Republicans are merely two fingers.

(2) To unmask the evil face of welfare state socialism and to cast this pestilence from our midst so that we may live in a healthy society.

(3) To unify the White tribes of America, Europe and the world.

(4) To halt our racial retreat from Victory.

(5) To remove the alien exploiters and parasites from our midst.

(6) To break the irresponsible tyranny of organized crime, bloated bureaucracy, big business, big labor and secret societies.

(7) To regain national control of our money from the Zionist bankers of the Federal Reserve.

(8) To re-establish White Law and White Order in a White Society and thereby, to return Our Nation to the path of progress.

(9) To rid our society of crime and degeneracy.

(10) To create a White Society in which our racial virtues of honesty, integrity and responsibility shall be promoted instead of punished.

(11) To protect the family, which is the basis of our society and of Our Race.

(12) To ensure that honest labor and not sterile speculation is rewarded.

(13) To separate the Races into self-governing Nationstates

(14) To provide healthy and productive activities of which our youth can be proud.

(15) To remove alien control from White Culture, which is the source of our spiritual nourishment and from the professions on which we depend in our hour of need.

WITH WHITE POWER
WE SHALL CREATE A GREAT FUTURE.
WITHOUT WHITE POWER
THERE IS NO FUTURE.

JOIN US AND MAKE THE FUTURE GREAT!

It's up to YOU, WHITE AMERICANS

TO TAKE YOUR COUNTRY BACK!

WHITE POWER

THE ONLY WAY

The Hills of Hamburg

by Robert Kvinnesland

Fire-bomb wrought scattered stones hear cellar-shrieking sound,
Burnt I-beams crumbled rooftop plants which concrete dust has crowned,
Azure-eyed, the fair-haired youth amid the rubble found,
Each level-dozed charred element in city limit mound.

Allied Force earthscrapers swept still-smoking city ground,
Sown ruin man-made hills soon reaped outside the Saxon town.
Corpse, debris, metallic frame, from flak a Skyhawk downed,
Comprise the now moss-covered hills that rebuilt Stadt surround.

Arose from regions Russian-raped, gnawed clean by Khazar hound,
The Phoenix from the ashes flew, by reparation bound.
Soared to economic heights that mortal soul astound,
Disarmed Nietzschean nation by material renowned.

But echoed breezing lightless nights give forth strange chilling sound,
Ears strain upon the tilting heads with furrowed faces frowned.
The grave hills' voices share lament with black-haunched baying hound,
Beneath the hills of Hamburg they are crying from the ground.

The outward healed hero land bears silently the sound,
With candle flicker trace of son in nations that surround.
Not mind nor heart the past forget, though modern lies abound,
Beneath the hills of Hamburg they are crying from the ground.

E'er foreign stand the hearts but those Germanic soils bound,
And swallow ceaseless slander that the innocents impound.
While envy's vengeful troops still march our sacred birthland's ground,
Beneath the hills I hear our people crying from that ground.

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